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THE
HARD-HEARTED MAN.

(A Play),

IN ENGLISH AND IN IRISH.

BY

SEUMAS Mac MANUS and THOMAS O'CONNOR.

DUBLIN:

M. H. GILL & SON, Ltd., 50 UPPER O'CONNELL ST.

1905.

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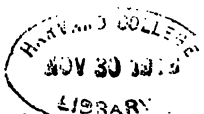
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MISS NORA K. DIAMOND,

Mount Charles, Co. Donegal.

(N.B.—The personages of this play should speak in the dialect of the locality where it is being acted.)

THE HARD-HEARTED MAN.

CHARACTERS :—

NEIL MEEHAN.

EILIS (his wife).

Their three children (PAUDEEN, MAURA,
NUALA).

MAURICE RUDDY (a neighbour).

EAMON BRESHLIN.

WILLIAM BRESHLIN (Eamon's Son).

SCENE I.

In Neil Meehan's kitchen in the evening. Mrs. Meehan (Eilis) sitting to one side of the hearth, knitting or spinning. Their three children, Paudeen, Maura, and Nuala are sitting upon the floor, propounding riddles.

PAUDEEN.—Do you give in, Maura ?

MAURA.—Och, ay, Paudeen ; that's the hardest guess I ever heard.

PAUDEEN.—(*Chuckling triumphantly*).—And do you give in, Nuala ?

NUALA.—No, I don't.

For convenience sake the children's part may be eliminated ; Maurice opening up the subject (when he comes to see the cow) by lifting Paudeen's lesson book from the chair, and reading " What a blessing it is to be born a little British child——."

PAUDEEN.—Well, what is it then?

NUALA.—Maybe when he went to the wood he had with him one of them big long things you look through, like the Masther has—What's this you call it, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN.—A telescope. Ha! But sure how could he look through a telescope, Nuala, when he hadn't any eyes?

MAURA.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

NUALA (*abashed*).—Aye, true for you, Paudeen. Then I give in. Tell us the answer to it.

PAUDEEN.—

There was a man and he had no eyes,
And he went to the wood to see the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He pulled no apples off it, and left no apples on it.

Well, you see, this man had only one eye; and one eye, you know, isn't eyes.

MAURA and } —Oh, that's the grandest guess ever
NUALA. } was known.

PAUDEEN.—Well, when he had one eye he could of course see the skies all right.

NUALA.—Of course he could.

PAUDEEN.—And he could see a tree.

MAURA.—But if he seen apples on the tree, how could he take none off it and laive none on it, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN.—Can you not see for yourselves?

MAURA.—Maybe he went home and fetched his brother back to pull them for him.

PAUDEEN.—Ah, Maura, stupid Maura. He wouldn't do that. Sure his brother would then eat *them*.

MAURA.—Ay, so he would. Well, how was it, Paudeen?

NUALA.—Maybe he hit them off with a stick.

PAUDEEN.—Ah, you're only a dunderhead, Nuala. They were too high up for him to hit them off with a stick.

NUALA.—Ah, were they? Well, how was it, Paudeen, that he took no apples off it and left no apples on it?

PAUDEEN.—Well, there was only two apples on the tree, and he pulled one apple—that isn't "apples" you know—and he left only one apple behind, he left no "apples" behind.

MAURA.—Ah, and sure enough, isn't that the grandest guess ever I heard give out!

NUALA (*who had been thoughtful*).—But, Paudeen, what's the reason he didn't pull the other apple off, too?

PAUDEEN (*irritably*).—Och, no one could satisfy you in a guess.

MAURA (*reprovingly to Nuala*).—Maybe the other apple wasn't ripe. (*To Paudeen.*) Maybe that was it, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN.—Och, I dunno ——. No, but I mind now; the other one was too high up.

NUALA.—And why didn't he climb the tree, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN (*irritably*).—I think he had the toothache — No one would be bothered giving out guesses to girls, anyway, for you never can satisfy them.

[Enter Neil Meehan.]

NEIL.—Eilis, achree, that brannet cow is looking very dawney entirely. How did she milk this morning?

EILIS.—Arrah, then, sorra bit of me noticed any shortcomings, barrin' maybe she wasn't just quite so kindly, and I had to keep wee Paudeen clinking her horn with a bit of a *kipeen* to keep her quiet. What do you notice the matter with her, Neil?

NEIL.—I was lying a-back of the ditch there for the last hour and a quarter watching her, and the odd time she lifted her head to eat she was picking too dainty entirely for my taste; but three-quarters of the time she did sorra a ha'porth only glower at the mountain, or stand with the eyes of her turned in, thinking—like the chap from Dublin that writes the poetry in the papers, and that was down here last summer.

EILIS.—Troth, then, the cow cannot be either well or middlin', if she's like that.

NEIL.—She's neither well nor middlin', and we'll want to give her a nice warm drink the night; an' if she's no better again' mornin' you'll have to keep her in an' nurse her all day the morra.

NUALA.—Daddy, daddy, how will mammy ever be able to take the cow on her knee?

NEIL.—Is it doin' nothin' yous is, childre? What are the childre doin', Eilis?

EILIS.—Rise up with yous, childre, an' do something. They're doin' sorra a ha'porth but play-actin', an' givin' out guesses. Rise up with yous, childre, I tell yous, an' get your spellin'-books. If you were to break sticks on them you could hardly get them to go to their books. Rise out with yous, childre, I tell yous, an' get your spellin'-books.

(Maura and Nuala crouch closer to Paudeen.)

PAUDEEN.—Arrah, mother, sure we have our lessons, an' we're only giving out guesses.

NEIL.—Shame on ye, Eilis, wouldn't keep them to their books. Hou! your tongue, Paudeen, and do as your mother bids you. You must rule Paudeen, Eilis, or he'll break our hearts when he gets up. Get your spellin'-books, I say, and you, Paudeen, teach Maura and Nuala their meanin's. We must give them the larnin', Eilis. Get on with you now, Paudeen.

EILIS.—To be sure we must Neil.—Get on with you now, Paudeen, and teach your little sisters their meanings.

(Paudeen and sisters proceed to get their books, and they crouch down together by the fireside with them.)

NEIL.—That's the good childre; good for yous.

EILIS.—That's right, childre; yous is good obedient childre, an' you'll be gran' scholars in English one day.

NEIL.—In English, childre, aye; mind that's what 'll get yous your bread and butter.

NUALA.—There was a wee boy come to school last Monday, from Mullinacruit, who didn't know a word of English at all, at all, an' Mrs. Darragh took him home with her at play-time, an' give him bread and butter with jam on it, an' give him a penny, too, to buy sweets.

NEIL.—Now, chile, will ye hou! your tongue, I say, and learn your spellins and meanings. (*To Eilis*) Aye, I'm tou! Mrs. Darragh, too, is one of these people that's gettin' quare about the Irish.

EILIS.—Ay, God look to her wit, an' to all their wits. What's the meanin' of it anyhow, Neil?

NEIL.—The sorra meanin's in it at all, at all, more nor that these people have too much to eat, an' dunno what to do with their time, and must be up to some foolishness or other to keep them from thinkin'.

EILIS.—Just so; an' maybe if the same people weren't at this Irish work, maybe it's something worse they'd be at.

NEIL.—Right ye are, Eilis—I'm expectin' Maurice Ruddy down to look at the cow. I sent word for him with Denis a-Cuinn.

PAUDEEN (*who has his own larger book turned down in one hand, and who has in the other Nuala's primer*).—That's wrong, wrong, Nuala. Maura, spell you, rat.

MAURA.—R-a-t, rat.

PAUDEEN.—That's good. And now, Maura, tell me the meanin' of rat.

MAURA.—Rat—rat—what's this rat is?

PAUDEEN.—Didn't I hear the Masther telling ye ten times this morning the meaning of rat, and now ye don't know it.

NUALA.—I know it, Paudeen. R-a-t, rat, a cover for the head.

PAUDEEN.—I told ye ye were stupid, Nuala. Rat isn't a cover for the head.

MAURA.—I mind now; it's——

PAUDEEN.—It's what?

MAURA.—R-a-t—a kind of—a kind of—but what's this it's a kind of?

PAUDEEN.—You don't know it now. R-a-t, a kind of vermin.

MAURA.—Ah, to be sure a kind of vermin; that's just it. The Masther tells it to me every day, and then I forget it the next minute.

NUALA.—But what is meant by vermin, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN.—Rat, of course, is meant by vermin.

[Nuala subsides, but looks very puzzled.]

PAUDEEN.—Now, Maura, spell cat, an' give me its meaning.

MAURA.—I know that one. C-a-t, cat, an animal of the tiger kind.

PAUDEEN.—Good for you, Maura. Ye have the meaning of cat well. Now, Nuala, one for you. Spell cow.

NUALA.—C-ow, cow.

PAUDEEN.—Ow! Sure there isn't any such letter in the alphabet as "ow?"

MAURA.—C-o-w, cow.

PAUDEEN.—That's right, Maura. Nuala, can you give me the meaning for cow?

NUALA.—Cow means a *bo*.

PAUDEEN.—Ah, Nuala, that's Irish. That's not the meaning for cow. What does cow mean?

NUALA.—I cannot tell you the meaning for cow; but I know a whole lot of cows. I know my father's brannet cow that's sick, an' I know the sprickly cow, an' I know Eamon Gallagher's moolyeen cow, an' I know horny, an' I know —.

PAUDEEN.—Arrah, don't bother us, Nuala; you know nothing; you don't know the meaning for cow.

NUALA.—An' what does cow mean, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN.—Cow means, c-o-w, cow, a kind of quadruped.

[Neil and Eilis have been listening attentively for some time.]

NEIL (*with pride*).—Say that one again, Paudeen.

PAUDEEN.—C-o-w, cow, a kind of quadruped.

[Neil looks upon Eilis proudly, and shakes his head, saying, "Hear that, Eilis." Eilis shakes her head back again at Neil, saying "I'm listening, Neil."]

NEIL.—Good boy, Paudeen; you'll be an attorney yet.

NUALA.—Paudeen, what's a quadruped?

PAUDEEN.—That's the thing the Masther says a cow is.

NUALA.—Ay, but what is it itself?

PAUDEEN.—Father, I wish you would make Nuala hold her tongue. No one could teach her nothing.

EILIS.—How often did I tell you, Nuala, not to be a bothersome girl.

NEIL.—Now, Nuala, *a thaisge*, don't you know that no one that asks questions will ever learn anything.

PAUDEEN.—Now, Maura, here, you read a bit there.

MAURA (*takes book that Paudeen offers to her, and begins to read in sing-song voice*—"James daubs his clothes with clay.")—Who is James Daubs, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN.—I don't know. He's some fellow in Dublin. Go on with your reading.

MAURA (*resumes the sing-song*).—"To hoist is to pull up Joe."

PAUDEEN.—That will do, Maura. Wait now till you hear me read out of my book (*begins to read in sing-song fashion*): "What a blessing it is to be born a happy little British child, as I have been, and to grow up to be a man in the full knowledge that I am heir to the traditions and glories of an empire that includes within its bounds the territories of the white, black, and the red man. And what a pride it is to me to know that on this vast empire of ours the sun never sets."

NUALA.—And, Paudeen, what's the reason that the sun never—that the sun never—

NEIL.—(*Stamping his foot*).—Nuala I say again, will ye hold your tongue with ye, or will I have to put ye away to bed, will I ?

[Maurice Ruddy has just entered, and, yet unobserved, has been standing listening for a few moments. Eilis now suddenly observes him].

EILIS.—Arrah, Maurice Ruddy, is it you that's here ? Troth you're welcome.

[She gets up and wipes a chair for him, and plants it in the front of the fire.

NEIL.—Maurice, is this yourself ? It's welcome ye are.

EILIS.—There's a chair for you. Push roun' childre. Sit down there, Maurice, and take a hait of the fire.

MAURICE.—(*Still observing the children with a keen look*).—What's that you were reading, Paudeen ?

NEIL.—Och, he was reading his lesson, Maurice. He's a great reader entirely.

EILIS.—It would do your heart good to hear him.—Read that again Paudeen, for Maurice.

PAUDEEN.—(*Begins to read.*)

[Maurice observes him keenly. Eilis and Neil have their ears turned to Paudeen, and their eyes upon Maurice, pridefully.]

"What a blessing it is to be born a happy little British child——."

MAURICE.—Blatherskite! Show me that book.

[He snatches the book out of Paudeen's hand, looks into it for a few moments, where Paudeen had been reading, with disgust pictured on his countenance. He lets a few groans escape him ; turns back to the fly-leaf and reads :]

"Patrick Meehan, Cashelmore National School, August 13th, 1902." *National School* ; aye to be sure. (*Reads.*)—

"Patrick Meehan is my name,
Ireland is my Nation."

Ireland, h'm! I thought it was a happy little British child you were. (*Reads*)—

"Ireland is my Nation,
Cashelmore my dwelling-place,
And Heaven my expectation.

When I'm dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
This little book will tell my name,
When I am quite forgotten."

(*turns over fly-leaf*)

"Don't steal this book my honest friend,
For fear the gallows would be your end."

Humph! Humph! ay, just so (*turns back to the place where Pauden had been reading*).—"A happy little British child"—Neil a-Meehan, what sort of balderdash is that for you to have your innocent child at?

NEIL.—Arrah, Maurice, sure that's what the book says; and we must go by the book.

EILIS.—To be sure, we must, Maurice; have sense with ye, an' sit down there; sure the boy must larn his lessons according to the book.

MAURICE (*flings book over his shoulder down the kitchen, then he seats himself upon the chair*).—God help us; God help us all. Small wondher Ireland is dhrriving to the devil.

EILIS.—Get away to the room with yous, childre. (*Exit children.*)

NEIL.—Arrah have sense with ye, Maurice. Have moderation with ye. You're letting everything about Ireland worry ye too much, an' if we buried ye a Saturday, Ireland would forget ye again' Monday. Sure we must float with the tide if we ever mean to be of any use to ourselves.

MAURICE.—It's no wondher, no wondher, no wondher.—Neil a-Meehan, do ye mind five-and-thirty years ago? Do ye mind the year they called '67?

NEIL.—Och, I was only a young fellow then, harum-scarum, and foolish.

MAURICE.—Then I wish to God, both for your own sake and your childre's sake, and the sake of your country, that you had remained harum-scarum and foolish?

NEIL.—Now Maurice, there's no use for you to be talkin' that way, you that has seen all you have seen since them days.—Take a draw (*handing him the pipe. Maurice takes the pipe*).

MAURICE.—I, who have seen—who *have seen*—that's it; that's the pity of it—all I have seen, it's not strange that I'd grow crabbed. All I have seen since them days was the sorry sight of our poor country going from bad to worse—bein' driven headlong to the devil by careless ones, that will neither help the country themselves, nor teach their childre to help her; but teaching their childre three things always.

NEIL.—What is them, Maurice?

MAURICE.—To forget their country's language, an' to forget their country, an' to get out of their country as fast as they can. God help us, God help us.

[Eamon Breshlin, an old man bent under a creel of turf, which he is carrying, having his arms through its arm-ropes, speaks from the threshold].

EAMON.—God's blessin' on this house, and all in it.

NEIL.—Arrah, is that you? On yourself, too, Eamon.

EILIS.—On yourself, likewise, Eamon. Come in.

[Eamon staggers in under his load of turf.]

EILIS.—Rest your creel on the table there, Eamon, *a thaisge*.

[Both Neil and Eilis rise, and run forward and help to lower the creel. Eamon lowers it with a sigh, and then remains standing with his arms in the arm-ropes, and his back against the creel, resting, and endeavouring to straighten his back.]

EAMON.—God's blessin' on ye, Maurice. Is this where ye are?

[Maurice, whose pipe has gone out, is leaning forward to the fire to light a little spail of fir to re-ignite his pipe. As he leans forward he turns his eyes rather scowlingly on Eamon, but makes him no answer. Eamon looks puzzledly at Neil and Eilis, who, in reply, shake their heads.]

EILIS.—What sort of an evening is it without, Eamon?

EAMON.—Och, a brave evening, thank God: all signs of the good weather fastening.

EILIS.—Thank God for that same.

EAMON.—I was over there at the turf-clamp for this grain of turf, an' I met Jaimie Burns' wee son, an' he was telling me your brannet cow was elf-shot, so I thought I would drop in on my way back, and ax after her.

NEIL.—Thank ye kindly, Eamon. I don't believe myself it's elf-shot she is, I believe it was a parishin' of cowl she took last night. Maurice Ruddy, here, come over to have a look at her.

MAURICE.—An' you were over at the turf-clamps for that grain of turf. Is William ill with the faiver, or has he a toothache in his wee toe, or what's the matter with him, that it was his oul' father had to go to the turf-clamps, and break his heart dragging home a back-burden of turf to toast his shins for him.

EAMON. Ah, no, thanks be to Goodness, there's neither ill nor ache on poor William; but yon know the boy's goin' to Amerikay.

MAURICE.—Oh, if he's on his way to Amerikay, I am sorry I blamed the boy for bein' where he couldn't be.

EAMON.—Och, no; he's not on his way. I didn't mean to say he was gone, but he is going to go, ye know.

MAURICE.—Goin' to go, is it? I see. Bekase a young man is "goin' to go" to Amerikay, he's to drive out his poor oul' father that slaved for him all his life and reared him up to be man-big—he's to drive him out, with a creel on his back, to the bog to carry home turf to measle his shins, is he?

EAMON.—Arrah now, Maurice, you haven't any raison with you at all, at all. The boy didn't drive me out to carry home the turf—I went myself.

MAURICE.—No, he didn't drive you out, he only let you go. He knew you didn't want driving.

EAMON.—Now, Maurice Ruddy, you have no childre yourself—an' so signs on ye, ye don't understand them, an' no more do you understand a father's feelings. When your boy that you had reared up and watched from a child, day and daily, night and nightly, is goin' to laive ye to face the world—maybe, God knows, for you to never see him again—is it not little enough that you would spare him from hauling and dragging and back-loading turf for a wheen of days afore he'd be giving you the last hand-shake.

MAURICE.—This is October, eight days afore Hallow Eve; an' did I hear corraect when I heard them say that William's passage was to come to him at Christmas, an' he was to go out again' the New Year?

EAMON.—You heard corraect, Maurice. His sister—poor Shusie, God be good to her an' bless her everywhere she is—sent him the price of the fittings-out three weeks ago, for him to be prepared and be ready, an' she's to send the passage for him again Christmas.

MAURICE.—I thought that's what I heard. Tell me, Eamon, did he do a han's turn of work since that letter come from Shusie?

EAMON.—Arrah now, Maurice, you have no moderation with you at all, at all. When a man gets word that he's goin' to laive misery and poverty an' go to Amerikay, where the money is as plentiful an' as little valued, I'm toul', as horny buttons here, how could you expect him to have his heart in slavin' with the spade any more? Besides, William was as busy as a nailer since, buying a shoot an' gettin' it made, with Charley the Tailor.

MAURICE.—An' I suppose he has it on him these days too?

EAMON.—Ay, he has it on him these days. An' could you expect a boy with a gran' new shoot to his back, like William's, to go into the bog and wrestle with a creel of turf, or to take a spade in his fist, or do any other dirty work?

MAURICE.—No, no, I could not.

EAMON.—Now, Maurice, you have raison with ye. Ye can be a sensible man when ye like.

MAURICE.—I couldn't expect any boy with a gran' new shoot on him, like William's, to go to the bog and wrestle with a creel of turf, or to take a spade in his hand, or do any other dirty work when he has a fool of an oul' broken-hearted father to do the dirty work for him. I couldn't expect it an' I wouldn't. Amerikay, oh Amerikay, it's cruel ye are, Amerikay!

NEIL (*aside to Eilis*).—Sorra take me but Maurice Ruddy is too hard entirely on the poor oul' man.

EILIS (*to Neil*).—May God forgive him.

EAMON.—Don't say it, don't say it, Maurice Ruddy.

MAURICE.—My curse upon the emigration to Amerikay, an' my curse upon the passage money *that comes from it*.

EAMON.—Don't say it, Maurice. God forgive ye. What would our poor boys and girls do only for Amerikay that takes them away from hunger an' hardship here, from misery and starvation, to full an' plenty beyond.

MAURICE (*who has risen to his feet*).—My black curse upon the emigrant ship! for it's takin' the flower of our girls an' the pick of our men, from innocence here to the greed an' the shame an' the guilt, the unhappy life an' the remorseful death there. An' Ireland—God of pity look down on you Ireland, an' God of mercy forgive them that turn their backs on you, an' forgive, too, the fathers an' mothers that hurry their children an' your children away from you.

EAMON (*his voice broken with emotion*).—God forgive you, Maurice Ruddy, God forgive you for saying such a thing. Sure we mane it for the best.

MAURICE.—Ye do, ye do. An' what about *yourself*, Eamon Breshlin? Nellie died from you fifteen years last Lammas (if ever any of us hope to see heaven and God, your wife Nelly is looking on His face this night). She left you two childre—Shusie and William—two helpless little childre she left to your charge, an' you slaved for them an' struggled for them, day in and day out, wet day an' dry day, Sunday an' Monday, an' you paid sad an' sore for it; it leaves you what you are, a poor broken-down oul' man afore your years. Then, when they are young woman an' young man, an' might be a comfort an' consolation to you and an' aise to your oul' days, you let Shusie go to Amerikay from you a year ago, an' you never complained, an' now Shusie pays you back by taking away from you William. An' what will you be; an' what will you do? Broken in strength, an' broken in health; ay, an'

worse, worse nor all, broken in heart, too. What will you be, or what will you do, slaving with the spade, an' staggering home from the bog under your creel of turf every night to a lone house an' a dreary hearth, bitter memories, and black remorse. It's ill you'll think you have earned it ; between you and God let that lie. But earn it, or not earn it, you're going to end your last poor days in loneliness an' in misery.

EILIS (*aside to Neil*).—Och, but Maurice is the Hard-hearted man !

NEIL (*to Eilis*).—May the good Lord forgive him.

MAURICE (*striding out of door*).—Are you going out till I look at your cow, Neil a-Meehan ?

[Eamon, who shows signs of being strongly affected, controls his feelings by a great effort. Without offering any reply, he puts his arms in the arm-ropes of the creel, and struggles to raise it on his back. Eamon is evidently falling, when Eilis and Neil run to his assistance, and, one on each side, help to raise the creel on him. Then, without a word, he hobbles painfully out through the door, and disappears. Neil a-Meehan, with bent head, strides out after.]

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

Interior of Neil Meehan's kitchen. Eilis only within. She is linking off a pot of stirabout that was for supper, and she fixes up the fire. Enter Neil, followed by Maurice Ruddy.

NEIL.—Did you put the childre to bed, Eilis ?

EILIS.—Ay, I put them to bed. What do you think of the brannet cow, Maurice ?

MAURICE.—The cow's nothin' the worst, barrin' the *small touch* of cowl' that she has got. Give her a

nice, warm, white drink afore yous go to bed, an' don't turn her out the morra, an' she'll be all right.

EILIS.—Thanks be to Goodness; I'm glad of it. It would be a sore heart to us if we lost her.

[Neil and Maurice have drawn their chairs to the fire, and Maurice is re-lighting his pipe.]

MAURICE.—It would be a sorer heart to you if you lost one of your childre.

EILIS.—True for you, Maurice, an' God forgive us for grumblin'. Sure when we come to look at it that way it's little we should mind the loss of a cow, or the loss of ten cows, if we had them.

MAURICE.—One of your childre, ay, or two of your childre—all of your childre.

EILIS.—For marcy sake don't, Maurice Ruddy.

MAURICE.—Like Eamon Breshlin.

NEIL.—God help poor Eamon.

EILIS.—God help him, an' Amen. I think you put too sore on him, Maurice.

MAURICE.—Humph!

NEIL.—Poor Eamon; God pity him, it's he'll be the lonely man.

EILIS.—Lonely an' lonely-hearted, ay.

MAURICE.—An' who will he have to blame?

EILIS.—I suppose that good-for-nothing son of his, William.

NEIL.—Just him.

MAURICE.—Humph! Saddle any horse but the right one. If William's good-for-nothing, who made him so? Who petted him and spoiled him, an' wouldn't let the breeze blow on him?

EILIS.—Ah, Maurice, it's what Eamon toul ye, ye don't know what a father's heart means.

MAURICE.—In this country a father's heart often means a very unfatherly heart. An' if I had —

[Here some one is heard approaching the door, and whistling the latest music-hall air. Enter William, whistling—new suit on him, and a new cap, his hands in his trousers' pockets, his cap set on him somewhat rakishly, a watch chain on his vest. Those at the fire are turned round at him. He advanced into the middle of the floor whistling. He gives them a familiar nod of the head and says, "God's blessing on all here."]

NEIL and } —On yourself likewise, William, a
EILIS. } *thaisge.*

[Maurice looks at him, but doesn't speak.]

EILIS (*rising and setting a chair, and wiping it with her apron*).—Take a seat, William, a *stoir*, an' take a hait o' the fire, for it's welcome ye are.

WILLIAM (*backing to the table which is against the window, and leaning upon the table, half sitting on it*).—Thank ye, Eilis, no I'll not be sitting.

NEIL.—Talk of the devil an' he'll appear. We were just speaking about ye, William.

EILIS (*looking warningly at Neil*).—Ay, William, about the fine, brave boy ye were growing — good luck to ye.

WILLIAM.—Thank ye, thank ye. It's a good thing to have well-wishers—isn't it, Maurice. How are you, Maurice?

MAURICE (*drily*).—Purty well, I thank God an' you. It's maybe a good thing to have well-wishers, but it's a better thing to desarve them.

WILLIAM.—Ay, ay, of course, that's what I mean.

EILIS.—Ay, my poor fellow. Why don't you seat yourself down here?

WILLIAM.—Thank ye, Eilis, no. I only just come in on my step to inquire after your cow that I'm

toul' isn't well—only on my step, as I say, passing over to Brian Gillespie's of Altcor, where there's goin' to be a fine spree entirely the night—a Convoy. You know Brian's three daughters are for the States in the morning. God speed them.

EILIS.—Speed them, speed them, ay, I heard so. The cow isn't as bad as we thought, William, thank you. Maurice Ruddy come over to look at her, an' he says that with a warm drink or two she'll be all right the morra, that it was just a parishin' of cowl she got.

WILLIAM.—I am pleased to hear it, Eilis.

MAURICE.—As you mention the States, William Breshlin, I'm hearin' that you are for them yourself ?

WILLIAM (*languidly*).—Ah, yes, I'm thinking of takin' a turn out there again the New Year.

MAURICE.—Just so. You're takin' your father with ye, of course ?

WILLIAM.—My father ! What the devil would I take my father to the States for ? What use would he be there ?

MAURICE.—That's so. I suppose he'd be no use, poor oul' man. When we get oul' that way, an' broken down, to be sure, there's no use for us nowhere.

WILLIAM.—Well, ye know, Maurice, that's the way of the world.

MAURICE.—Ay, the way of the world. And what—what's your father goin' to do ?

WILLIAM.—Oh, he's—he's—he's going to struggle along as best he can, of course, at home.

MAURICE.—Och, to be sure ; he's used to struggl-
ing.

WILLIAM.—My father's used to struggling, as you say, and he'll manage somehow or other.

MAURICE.—Oh, yes, to be sure, to be sure. An' there's none of us, when ye come to think of it, so oul' or so waik, or so lonesome, but, no matter how hard the world goes again' us, no matter how dark things get, we'll be able to grope our way to a grave, an' strachel into it, anyway.

WILLIAM.—Maurice Ruddy, who's talking about graves ?

MAURICE.—Och, it was only me. But, William, would it be imperence to ask ye why it is that you're going to laive us yourself ? We—all your neighbours here—have been watching ye, now child and boy, running about the ditches for the last twenty years, an' we'll feel sort of lonely when we don't see ye any longer. Why do you go away ?

WILLIAM.—Arrah, Maurice, who would live in this country ?

MAURICE.—Ah, how do you mean ?

WILLIAM.—I mean, no man who's a man, would live here, in hunger and hardships, when there's such a country as Amerikay afore him.

MAURICE.—There ye are, an' I always thought your poor oul' father, God be good to him, struggled hard all his life to give ye plenty to ait, an' no stint to wear; an' you know, William, if it was in hunger and hardship ye were living, they went well with ye, and any medical man who would see ye would advise ye to stick to the resait.

WILLIAM.—Well, I don't just mean that; but I mean—I mean—ye know what I mean.

MAURICE.—Well, William, now for fear to tell a lie, I am not right sure that I do.

WILLIAM.—Oh, to hell with it, man. Sure everyone knows this is no country. Sure ye never seen one that went out of it, an' come back, that didn't tell that.

MAURICE.—Well, it must be so ; but what puzzles me, then, is, why them people come back to a country that was no country.

WILLIAM.—They come back for various reasons. I wouldn't for a good deal be as stupid as you, Maurice Ruddy.

MAURICE.—Don't blame me, William Breshlin, for what's my misfortune, not my fault. You see I was born that way ; but as we were saying, William—.

WILLIAM.—As I was saying : no man that's a man would live in this country—that's the holy-all of it.

MAURICE.—Well, now, William, there's Neil a-Meehan there lived in it, an' there was once a time I wouldn't like to be the chap would say to Neil he was no man. An' there's myself, too, lived in it, an' there was one time, too, an' I used to have some conceit that I was a——kind of a man.

WILLIAM.—Then—meanin' no offence—neither you nor Neil Meehan were men or yous would have got up and pushed out for yourselves.

MAURICE.—An' there was your poor father, too, an', though a fine, brave, sthrappin' young fellow like you (*looking William critically up and down*) may think him no great things of a man now, and though his back is near a'most broke a'neath burdens, an' his heart—well his heart, to say the least of it, not as stout as it used to be—with all that, I say your poor oul' father, God be good to him, I seen him, an' Neil a-Meehan seen him too, when he was a man, an' a manly man, an' a man, too, William, that would have had the imperence to think himself *very nearly as*

good, an' as brave, an' as fine a man as you are the day. Now, your father was a man, an' he stayed in it.

WILLIAM.—Oh, my father—my poor father he was—he was—Oh, well, maybe there was many's a thing to account for his stayin' in it.

MAURICE.—Ay, in throth, so there was—so I suppose we'll have to excuse him, poor man.

WILLIAM.—An' sure you can neither work nor want in this country. Sure there's nothin' for a man to do. Sure there's nothin' you can turn your hand to. Sure no man, that *is* a man could live on like a drone here, when there's work waitin' for him in Amerikay—thousands of jobs.

MAURICE.—Oh, I see now. Oh, there's no denyin' you're right there, William. As you say, no man who *is* a man would live on like a *drone* in any country. An' do you know, William, it delights my heart to know that it's such a real manly reason is makin' you rise up an' go away.

WILLIAM.—Thank ye, Maurice, of course it is.

MAURICE.—It delights my heart, indeed, to know it. What sort of work, William, will you turn your hand to, do you know?

WILLIAM (*proudly*).—Any sort of honest work under God.

MAURICE.—Brave fellow, William; brave fellow, an' well said. I'm proud of ye. What are ye workin' at these days, William?

WILLIAM.—These days! Oh, I'm — I'm, I'm not doin' — I'm makin' myself ready for Amerikay these days.

MAURICE.—Ye're leavin' us next week then, William.

WILLIAM.—No, I'm stayin' with yous till the New Year.

MAURICE.—Till the New Year! Oh, is that the way William? Then, William, these nine or ten idle weeks 'ill put sore on ye?

WILLIAM.—Oh, they would, but I'll manage to kill time somehow or other.

MAURICE.—Sore they'll put on ye; an' I'm just thinkin' that Providence was good. I'm goin' to begin drainin' my big square park the morra, and I'm sore short of a hand or two. It'll just give you the employment you're pinin' for, and put a couple of pounds in your pocket now, from this till ye go.

WILLIAM.—Oh, thank ye, Maurice, thank ye; but I've got a new shoot on me these days—this is the shoot for Amerikay—an' it would be a sin to slabber and dirty it here afore I'd go.

MAURICE.—It *would be* a sin, so I think it would be a grand idea for you to hang up the new shoot now till Christmas, an' draw your oul' duds to you again, an' go into my drains the morra. What do you think, William?

WILLIAM.—Maurice, man, it's hardly worth my while, now that I've given up my work, beginnin' again for this wee time. The way it is with me, when I go into employment, now, I mean to stick steady in the one job. These bits of this, an' whiles of that, an' spells of the other, only unsettle a man, an' leave him farther back than ever he was. Do you mind, Maurice, the oul' sayin' about the rolling stone?

MAURICE.—You're right, William. I'll agree with you, an' I think the one steady employment is a gran' idea, an' I'm glad you mentioned it. I'm badly off for a steady boy; I have one man the day, an' another the morra, an' like you, I never love that. I'm just

thinkin' we're well met—yourself an' me—an' suppose that we agree now to be master an' man. William Breslin, if you begin the morra I'll give you steady employment from this day out. You're badly off for a masther, and I'm badly off for a man. There's a gran' chance now, an' you'll be at home with Irelan', an' with your poor oul' father besides, an' earning good money; for I promise to give you the highest wages in the market. Come now, will you say 'Done'?

NEIL.—By the boots, William, that's a gran' offer.

EILIS.—Gran'! You're in the heighth of good luck, William.

NEIL.—Isn't it your poor father'll be delighted in his heart to hear it.

EILIS.—Delighted! It'll be new life to the oul' man—an' new life for yourself, William, too.

MAURICE.—Come, now say it's a bargain.

WILLIAM.—(*Who has been showing by his countenance that he felt himself in a corner*)—Och, I'm not that mean spirited, I'll never be man to an Irish master, an' to a neighbour of my own, at that; a man who is no better than myself either. I'm not that low-come-down. No man ever seen William Breshlin earnin' a sixpence in Ireland.

MAURICE.—That's God's truth, William.

WILLIAM.—An' please God no man ever will.

MAURICE.—Don't say that, William. There's hope for the worst of us always.

WILLIAM.—What do you mean? Do you think I'm not independent?

MAURICE.—Oh, faith, ye are that—you're an independent man if you're anything, William.

WILLIAM (*satisfiedly*).—Well, I should say so. I always made it a rule to stand in my own shoes.

MAURICE (*looking at William's new boots*).—Right, William; an' more by the same token, if you'll excuse me, them's a brave pair you'r standin' in this minute. How much did your father pay for the them, William?

WILLIAM.—They're a brave pair; he gave me half a sovereign to buy them; but they stood me only nine shillings.—An' you see Maurice it's because I'm so independent that I wouldn't be seen working to the likes of you, that's no better than myself.

MAURICE.—To be sure, William, to be sure.—I wish you your health to wear them shoes, William; they're purty ones. I'd be guessing' now it wasn't Doalty M'Gaharn made them for you?

WILLIAM.—Doalty M'Gaharn! Och, not he. I bought them in the town, they're shop boots.—Now if there was a job worth takin' in this country—an' a job where a man would work under a respectable master, an' be independent, that might maybe tempt me to stay in the country.

MAURICE.—Indeed now, would it, William? Them's fine brave boots surely.

WILLIAM.—Yes, they are.—But sure if there's such a job goin', what happens, will an Irishman put it an Irishman's way? Ah, not he.

MAURICE (*still intently observing William's boots*).—Certainly not.—I must say they're a very dainty pair of boots, considering that they were made in Ireland.

WILLIAM.—Made in Ireland, be damned. Them boots, sir, never felt an Irish last.—But, as I was remarking, we're all fine Irishmen, and fine patriots till it comes to the bestowing of a job, or the layin' out of a lump of money.

MAURICE.—It's so, William, it's surely so, God help us.—Where was them boots made, William?

WILLIAM.—Them's Solomon Levi's best boots, of Leeds (*holding out a sole*).—You can see his trade mark there yet, for yourself. Them's none of your home-made dish-clouts.—Till it comes, I say, to the givin' of a job or the layin' out of money, an' then it's to the Scotchman, or the Englishman—Turk, Jew, or Atheist — ”

MAURICE.—Turk, Jew, or Atheist; you're right, William,—Solomon Levi's boots of Leeds are surely gran' ones. What shop in town would a man get them in, William?

WILLIAM.—In the London Store, on the left-hand side of the Diamond as you come down. I'd advise every man to go there, if he wants a good article.—But, as I was sayin' the job or the money will be given to some dirty Englishman or Scotchman, or man from hell even—any man but one of our own.

MAURICE (*who has risen to his feet and has gone over and is fingering William's new suit*).—Ay, ay, William, ay, ay, you have sized us up, sure enough.—That's a brave suit. I wish you your health. Where did you get the suit, William?

WILLIAM.—I should think, I have sized you up. An' is it any wonder then that me an' the likes of me go out among the black stranger to look for the earnin' that our own countrymen won't put in our way.—That suit's the best West of England. I bought it in the Leeds Warehouse, at the head of Bridge Street.

MAURICE.—Throth, an' I'm thinkin' with you, William; you will find the black stranger kinder to you than your own, more shame for us.—That cap's a beauty (*taking it off to examine it*).

WILLIAM.—It'll be bad or they'll be better to me nor my own at laist.

MAURICE (*spelling laboriously from the inside of the cap*).—T-h-e R-o-y-a-l B-a-l-m-o-r-a-l, the Royal Balmoral. Mac-Mac-Mac Gregor & Co., Aberdeen—a fine cap.—At laist the black stranger *should* be better to you, William.

WILLIAM.—*Should*. Well, I don't know that he *should*, but I'm thinking that——

MAURICE (*boldly*).—There's no call for your thinkin' anything whatsoever about it.

WILLIAM.—What do you mean, Maurice ?

MAURICE.—I mean what I say, that if the black stranger isn't good to the man was good to him, his own disgrace it will be.

WILLIAM (*puzzled by Maurice's manner, and a bit daunted*).—How ?

MAURICE.—How ! An' you laivin' out your last penny—I beg your pardon, your father's last penny—to support the black stranger, why wouldn't the black stranger put himself about to support you ?

WILLIAM.—Do you mean——

MAURICE.—I mean that you, when you had a penny to lay out, scorned to give it to a poor devil of an Irishman. You gave it to the Turk, an' the Jew, and the Scotchman, and the man from hell, as you say yourself—every man but a man from home ; an' then, after that, you expect that because your neighbours don't run like one man to houl' the hair on your head, an' to pay you like a prince in order that you may do them the honour of stopping with them here in Ireland, they're neither Irishmen nor patriots.

WILLIAM.—Arrah, now, Maurice Ruddy——

MAURICE.—An' you think that all Irelan' is be-houldin' to ye, an' that when you shake the dust of the country off your feet, the country may buy a wisp of straw, an' go into a corner an' die on it.

WILLIAM (*who is a bit alarmed, fearing that maybe Maurice will strike him, and who has dropped his careless attitude, and got to his feet and is moving around the floor, around and around Maurice, at a safe distance, with his hands ready to go up to fend a blow if it should come unexpectedly*).—Arrah, now, Maurice Ruddy.

MAURICE.—You, who can boast that you never demeaned yourself by earning an honest sixpence in Ireland, an' never will.

NEIL (*aside to Eilis*).—Arrah, but that Maurice Ruddy is the hard-hearted man, out an' out!

EILIS (*aside to Neil*).—God forgive him, say I, for puttin' so sore on the poor boy.

WILLIAM.—Arrah, now I didn't mane that —.

MAURICE.—You that are too high-minded to work to any man that's guilty of the crime of being as poor as yourself.

WILLIAM.—Arrah, now, Maurice —.

MAURICE.—You, that always stand in your own shoes—bought for you by your poor father,

WILLIAM.—Now, Maurice.

MAURICE.—You who are so very independent, an' such a model, manly Irishman, that you can afford to walk about in Solomon Levi's best boots of Leeds; and a shoot of the best West of England woollens, an' a Royal Balmoral cap from Aberdeen, while your poor father—that poor, broken-backed, broken-hearted oul' man—drags his legs after him out of the bog, an' goes hobbling home again, two-double in undher a creel of turf to boil your supper for you, an' to hait *your* shins when you get home.

WILLIAM.—Arrah, now, Maurice.

MAURICE.—You, who are so independent, an' so Irish, an' so manly, I say, as to go sthrollin' about whistlin' the last air they sent ye from London, while the poor oul' man, who slaved an' drudged an' shortened his life to rear you up in comfort, is now breakin' his back that you may walk about a gentleman—breakin' his back that your last days with him may be as aisful as your earliest, an' that you may quit him an' Irelan' light-hearted as a lark, with no ache an' no fret, though he, poor man, knows well that the day you go an' laive him to loneliness his poor, sad heart—what of it's left—will br'ak—outright. (*The anger in his voice is replaced by sorrow*). May God forgive ye, make ye a manlier Irishman, an' a better son, William Breshlin.

[Exit Maurice.]

[William has dropped his hands by his side, and lowered his head, looking the picture of both shame and dejection.]

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

Neil Meehan's kitchen. Eilis knitting by one side of the fire. Paudeen, Maura and Nuala sitting on the ground, by other side, with books, squabbling.

EILIS (*stamping foot*).—Hold your tongues an' go on an' learn your books.

[The squabbling continues; Eilis makes threatening signs, stamps foot again hurriedly, looks all around her to see what will she lay her hands on. She lifts a broken straw that she finds lying behind her, and raises it over Paudeen.]

Paudeen, I tell ye I'll break your back with this, if ye don't stop that an' go an' larn the childre their books.

PAUDEEN.—Arrah, mother, sure it's Nuala that's doin' it. She'll not let myself or Maura read or do anything with the questions she does be putting about everything that never was.

EILIS.—An' don't you know the child has no other wit. Would you be evenin' your wit to the likes of her?

NUALA.—Mammy, sure it's because I want to know.

EILIS.—Nuala, allannah, it's a sin for childre to want to know; an' besides, no one could know more nor what's in the books. What's in the book is always the greatest thing that ever was known, an' Paudeen, or his Masther even, or for that part Father Charles himself couldn't tell you no more nor what's in the book.

NUALA.—Well, I'll not ax any more questions.

EILIS.—That's the good child, Nuala. Now, Paudeen, go on.

PAUDEEN.—Now, Maura, go on with your lesson.

MAURA (*in sing-song tone*).—"Jack has got a cart and can draw sand and clay in it. I got a lark's nest with five eggs——"

NUALA.—Paudeen, Paudeen.

PAUDEEN.—Arrah, go'owre that with ye.

NUALA.—Does Ned Shan's wee Johnny know that nest? Because if he does he'll watch till the scaldies come out an' he'll massacre them.

PAUDEEN.—Mother, will ye speak to Nuala again?

[Eilis lifts straw again, and holds the straw over Paudeen's head.]

EILIS.—Paudeen, I'll paralyse ye, an' didn't I say *I would*.

MAURA.—Mother, it's not Paudeen, it's all Nuala's fault.

EILIS.—Here's your father now ; he'll soon make yous stand about.

[The children suddenly settle down and bury themselves in their books. Paudeen energetically begins to read in sing-song voice.]

“What a blessing it is to be born a happy little British child as I have been——.”

NEIL (*who has entered the kitchen and is drawing chair up to the fire*).—Good man, you, Paudeen. (*He then addresses Eilis.*) Eilis, there's the grandest-looking gentleman ever I seen coming up the hill below.

EILIS.—He's a towrist, maybe.

NEIL.—Like enough, he must be a towrist. I thought as much myself. He's goin' out to climb Croach Beag Mountain likely, to view the sceneries.

EILIS.—An' it's the gran' view he'll get off the Croach Beag.

NEIL.—Ay, will he, a gran' view entirely.

EILIS.—Did you hear any word of poor Eamon Breshlin this mornin' ?

NEIL.—I seen Jimminy Hegarty as he was crossin' the mearin' with the creel on his back, goin' to the bog, an' he tells me that Eamon, poor sowl, says he'll go to the workhouse this day.

EILIS.—Lord help him !

NEIL.—An' that no man will keep him out of it ; for he's not goin' to be a burden on Maurice Ruddy any longer, nor on any other man in the parish. He says it's enough for him to be a burden on himself.

EILIS.—God help poor Eamon if the workhouse is goin' to be the last of him.

NEIL.—God help him and amen.

EILIS.—Och, then, I seen Eamon when the work-house was no trouble to him.

NEIL.—Troth did ye.

EILIS.—A comely young man he was, and a well-come-home one.

NEIL.—Ay, ay, an' a manly one, too.

EILIS.—An' a manly one, ay. That was afore he bruck his heart rearing the childre.

NEIL.—Rearing them for the stranger ——. And Maurice Ruddy—och, but it's Maurice is the kindly-hearted man. When the world went again' Eamon, Maurice brought him to his house by main force an' he's fed an' clad him ever since.

EILIS.—Who'd have thought it of him?

NEIL.—And Eamon, they say, was afeerd to even thank Maurice, for fear Maurice would strike him.

EILIS.—I ever an' always thought Maurice as cross as two sticks.

NEIL.—But, see, after all, he had the soft spot in his heart.

EILIS.—He had, throth, though it's well he hid it. An' I suppose the ne'r-do-well William, is still a burden on his friends in Amerikay.

NEIL.—William has tried his hand at fifty jobs and failed in them all. But do you know another *gar* that's goin'.

EILIS.—No, what's that?

NEIL.—There's some do be sayin' that when he heard of the ne'er-do-well William, an' how ill he was gettin' along in America, an' how badly he was off, an' unable either to stay there or come home—there's some do be sayin' that, anonst to anybody, without

sayin' either dirrim or darrim, Maurice sent off his passage ticket to William to fetch him home, an' two pounds to fit him out daicent for the journey.

EILIS.—Ah—h-h-h !

NEIL.—In throth it's goin' an' no one dar' whisper it to Maurice, or he'd get his head in his fist for his pains.

EILIS.—An' sorra trust Maurice I'd do, but it's like a trick he'd be up to. Who ever heard tell of the likes of it.

NEIL.—Well, there ye are now. That's the parish talk, that's all I know; an' it's poor Eamon will be the delighted man if William comes back to him.

EILIS.—He will that; he will that, an' God send that he does. But does Maurice know that Eamon has made up his mind to go from him to the workhouse?

NEIL.—Throth no; he'd massacrays poor Eamon if he knew it. He says he doesn't miss the oul' man's bite and sup; and he makes pretence, moreover, that Eamon is worth his weight in goold to him watchin' the hens from scrapin' the praties in the garden.

EILIS.—Tchuk, tchuk, tchuk! (*strikes tongue against palate, making sound of wonderment.*)

NEIL.—Ay, he says so, throth. An' no man dar' smile at it either, if he doesn't want Maurice's staff to make acquaintance with his skull.

EILIS.—Och, but Maurice Ruddy is the quare man out and out.

NEIL.—Jimminy Hegarty toul' me that Eamon has sworn he'll drag himself to the workhouse this very day—for it goes sore again poor Eamon's grain to be a millstone on any neighbour's neck.

EILIS.—Tchuk! tchuk! tchuk! Well, well, well! But Maurice'll soon fetch him back when he hears of it.

NEIL.—Ah, I think it is that poor Eamon is beginning to wander in the head with the trouble. When he reaches this far we'll not let him go past. He'll be puttin' in his head to say good-bye to us, poor sowl.

EILIS.—In throth, no, we will not let him go a foot further.

NEIL.—An' moreover, even if——

[Here there is a sudden knock heard upon the door.]

NEIL.—Who's that, Eilis?

EILIS.—Sorra one of me knows. Tell them to come in.

[Neil rises, strides to the door, opens it, and looks puzzledly at the American-dressed young man standing in the door; after a moment's astonished silence Neil says.]

NEIL.—You're welcome, stranger. Won't you step in?

STRANGER (*stepping in*).—Stranger! ha! ha! that's good. I ga'as, Mr. Meehan, you don't recollect me? (*Striding across floor.*) This is the old woman, I calc'late (*reaches out hand*). How do you do, Mrs. Meehan, I hope you feel good?

[Eilis absent-mindedly shakes his hand, and rises up from her seat, looking at him in astonishment. After a few moments a light breaks over her countenance.]

EILIS.—Lord sake! surely, it isn't William Breslin I have in it?

NEIL (*rushing up floor*).—What! William Breslin!

WILLIAM (*smiling back at Mrs. Meehan*).—I ga'as, ma'am, this is what's for him.

[Eilis taking his hand in both of hers, and shaking it effusively, Neil takes hold of his other hand in both of his and shakes it likewise.]

EILIS.—Well, well, well, glory be to goodness, if his isn't a sight for sore eyes. Musha, a hundred

thousand welcomes home, William, *a thaisge*, an' but it's me is the glad woman for to see you.

NEIL.—A hundred thousand welcomes home, William, an' it's the glad man I am to see you and to shake your fist again. Well, well, well, what's this to do at all, at all?

WILLIAM.—Oh, thanks; th'anks awfully. This is *too* kind.

EILIS.—William Bresh-lin! (*then she looks him up and down.*) William Bresh-lin. Well, well, well, who would believe it? An' William, do you know, you look a rale gentleman.

WILLIAM.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! I shall blush.

NEIL.—A gentleman he looks certainly, an' it's a gentleman I mistuk him for. Sure I was tellin' Eilis—

EILIS.—Ay, was he, then, just tellin' me afore you come in that there was some gran' gentleman coming up the hill, an' we thought it was a towrist goin' to Croach Beag.

WILLIAM.—Ha! ha! ha! You rile me, old fellow.

EILIS.—Arrah, William, William, William, but it's welcome ye are. Sit down there (*forcing him into a chair*).

WILLIAM.—Oh, th'anks, th'anks, th'anks, this is *too* kind. You look good, old woman—and so do you, old man. You stand the times putty well.

NEIL (*who is standing over him still, looking at him in astonishment*).—William Breslin, well, well, well.

EILIS.—How long are you gone, poor fellow?

WILLIAM.—Wa'al, I ga'as I have been considerable over a year from the old dart. (*Turning* !

Neil.) Pretty slow place, Neil. I wonder how you people manage to live along here.

NEIL (*still standing over him in astonishment and looking him up and down*).—William Breslin, well, well, well!

WILLIAM.—I wish, old man, you would look after my luggage for me. I left two young gentlemen fetching it up the hillside for me from the road below—two—two—two—you know their name; it has just escaped my recollection presently. They used to live at the hill-head before I left the country. They had a brother kept a dry-goods store, or a saloon, or some sort of joint, in Mullinacruit beyond.

NEIL.—William Breslin. Tchuk! tchuk! tchuk! What's this to do.

EILIS.—Did you hear the gentleman speaking to you, Neil? Go out to the door and see would you see his luggage coming.

NEIL.—Oh, I beg your pardon. Yes, William, I'm just going. (*Neil strides hastily towards the door; but at the door he meets someone, and falls backward in astonishment.*) Why, why, why, Eamon, is it yourself's in it?

[Enter Eamon Breslin hobbling on a stick.]

EAMON (*in a voice that trembles*).—May God's blessing be on this house and all in it. Yes, it's myself. How, Neil is you an' yours—well, I hope?

[Eamon hobbles the floor. William has jumped to his feet, and is looking at him in astonishment. Neil is looking at William, and from him to Eamon. and Eilis, too, is looking on in astonishment, and wondering to see what the meeting will be like between Eamon and his son.]

EAMON (*continuing*).—And you, too, Eilis (*he reaches out his hand*). How are you, an' may God bless you every day ever you rise.

[Then he turns his eye for a moment upon William, but hardly lifts it to look into his face. He bows to William, saying—"And you, stranger, I hope you're well." Then he turns and looks round for a seat. Eilis hastily runs and takes chair from wallside, wipes it with her apron, and leaves it down for him. Eamon seats himself with a sigh.]

EAMON.—Och, och, och! That's a great journey, and it takes out of me sore. It's ten months now since I walked as much afore (*turning his head to Neil*). It's surely a mile, Neil?

NEIL (*who had been lost in wonderment, recollects himself*).—Ah, ah, why, yes, it's a mile surely—ah, no, I mean to say it's a half a mile.

EAMON.—Half a mile! Arrah go along with ye. It's a mile, if it's a parch.

EILIS.—Throth, Eamon, it's not far off a mile for healthy, strong people, an' it's betther nor three mile for you.

EAMON (*bending his head to her*).—You say right, Eilis. You say right. Och—when the oul' age and the rheumatis both strikes a man together, and then when on the top of that the poverty comes to sit on his back likewise, it's short indeed is the journey that won't count a mile to him.

EILIS.—Ah, yes, Eamon.

[William has gradually subsided into his chair and is watching his father intently.]

EILIS.—An' throth, Eamon, it's kind of you for to come over for to see us.

NEIL (*coming forward*).—Ay, an' it's time for him, too, to think of it.

EAMON (*shaking his head*).—Och, och, och! I come now because I can't help it.

NEIL (*pretending to take offence*).—What do you mean, man?

EAMON.—I mean no disrespect, Neil Meehan, either to yourself or to your wife, Eilis. I would travel far enough for to see both of you—if I was able. I'm ashamed to say that it's not coming to see you I am now.

EILIS.—Eamon, man, what do you mean ?

EAMON (*with deliberation*).—I mean to say that I'm on my way to—to—to—the—the—workhouse.

WILLIAM (*suddenly jumping to his feet*).—What ! what ! what ! What do you mean ?

EAMON (*lifting his head and looking up at William*).—I beg your pardon, stranger, but I was saying to this good man and his good woman—for, in throth, you're in a kindly house—that I'm makin'—makin'—my way—to—the—workhouse.

[Eamon's voice trembles as he says this.]

WILLIAM (*springing forward and putting his hand on his father's shoulder*).—Don't dar' ——'

MAURICE (*bounding in the door*).—Ah, I've caught him.

[His eyes are fixed on Eamon, there is a worried expression in his countenance ; then he speaks in a loud and angry voice, and he jumps forward and seizes Eamon by the shoulder, without looking at or noticing anyone else, and shakes him somewhat roughly.]

Eamon Breslin, how dar' ye go for to take yourself away from my house without laive or——.

WILLIAM (*in fierce anger, suddenly seizing Maurice Ruddy by the collar firmly with one hand and raising the other hand clenched, as if to strike him*).—How dar' ye, Maurice Ruddy. Let go my father.

[Maurice suddenly looks up at him in surprise, and looks at Eamon, who, at the word "father," suddenly turns in his chair and looks up, then drops stick out of hand, and rises, with an exclamation of joy, and embraces his son.]

EAMON.—Oh, my son, my son, my son, my son !

William, is it you that's in it? Is it you that's in it—come home to your poor oul' father at last. Oh, William, William, glory be to God this day, sure I knew you would come.

[Drop curtain here for very short space.]

[Maurice, William's grip having relaxed, has moved away a little bit, and is looking in another direction. There is a noise outside the door, and a voice cries—"Give me a hand here, boys." Both Neil Meehan and Maurice Ruddy, as if glad of the diversion, run out of the door, and presently come in bearing a large and weighty trunk, and they lay it down on the floor. The children come running, and crowd round it, and examine it all over, reading the labels.]

Paudeen gets down on his knees to scrutinise tag-label tied on handle of trunk, the other two get on their knees beside him, and their three heads clash.]

NUALA.—What's on it, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN (*spelling*).—W. B-r-e-s-l-a-n-d Bresland, E-s-q-, Esk.

NUALA.—What is Esk, Paudeen?

PAUDEEN.—It means a corpolar or a major, or something like that, in the Amerikay Army. William was in the Amerikay army when he was over.

[Maurice, when he hears "Esquire" read out, says to himself, angrily—"No, surely no." He reaches over heads of children, gets hold of handle of trunk rapidly, up-ends the trunk to read direction for himself, and by mistake overturns the trunk. The lid bursts open, and a lot of big stones roll out upon the floor, and one dirty shirt front, with standing collar attached. The attention of the whole house is directed to them, and they look in consternation. William, when he saw Maurice up-ending trunk, shouted, and endeavoured to spring forward, but was entangled by his father, and by several chairs, which chairs he knocked over and fell over. When he gets to his feet and reaches trunk it is just too late, and he looks down in consternation also. Then he looks appealingly towards the house, and finally looks upon Maurice, who is resting his eyes upon him with cool scrutiny.]

MAURICE (*after a moment, with studied deliberation*).—William Breslin, *Esquire*. I obsarve you're the same trout still as when you left, only a bit oul'er and a bit worse.

WILLIAM.—Ha! ha! ha! Maurice, sure it was only a joke.

[The children have picked up the soiled dickey, and Paudeen is putting it on him, and he marches in a stately manner, with his chest out, and lifting laps of the dickey so that audience see it well. The other children following and clapping their hands, cross stage and back. Their father at length becomes aware of the ridiculous thing, and rushes at them.]

NEIL.—Get away ow're that with yous.

MAURA.—Arrah, father, sure Paudeen is a Yankee now.

PAUDEEN.—Sure I'm a Yankee, father, just like William Breslin.

NEIL (*making a slap at them*).—Get away with yous, I tell yous, an' give over your tom-foolery.

[The three children, with much laughter, escape from the father into a room off the kitchen. William Breslin has turned a sympathetic eye upon them as they disappear, and is smiling apologetically.]

WILLIAM.—Arrah, Neil, let the childhre alone, sure they aren't doin' any harm.

MAURICE.—Neil, don't let the childhre alone. Mockin's catchin'; an' if you let Paudeen get on with that, the divil a much better than William Breslin, *Esquire*, he would be afore many days.

WILLIAM.—Arrah, now, Maurice, you're too hard on a fellow.

[Nuala here comes running out of the room with the soiled dickey, she runs into the middle of the kitchen and proffers it to William.]

NUALA.—William, here's your luggage.

[Neil makes a dash at Nuala, who starts off for room again, and Eilis makes a slap at her as she passes her. There is a roar of laughter heard from the partially open door of the room. William, himself, after he has taken the luggage in his hand, and looked at it a moment, laughs, too, tentatively, and then looks up at Maurice Ruddy, who looks on severely.]

WILLIAM.—Maurice, darlin' don't look at me that hard. (*He extends hand to Maurice.*) Give us your hand, Maurice, and shake hands and forgive me. I've acted a mean part. I seen that, sore, when I was in Amerikay. I seen it sorer since I come home. William Breslin is goin' to be a new man.

MAURICE (*pauses a moment, then half reaches his hand, checks himself, and says*).—Is it with William Breslin or with William Breslin, Esquire, I'm goin' to shake hands?

WILLIAM (*standing up straight and manfully*).—It's with William Breslin you're going to shake hands, and damn the Esquire.

[Maurice then takes his hand and shakes it. He now looks suspiciously at William's fancy, flashy vest. He is still holding William's hand.]

WILLIAM (*covering up vest*).—Arrah, now, Maurice, don't do that. That waistcoat is going to go to the dickens along with the esquire—as soon as I earn better, an' as soon as I have paid ye back the price of it. It was your money bought every stitch ye see on me.

MAURICE (*cautiously*).—An' how, might I ax, are you intendin' for to earn better, William?

WILLIAM (*dropping Maurice's hand and exhibiting his own two*).—With them pair of hands, by any honest means that an Irishman may use. Tell me, Maurice, is your big square park drained yet?

MAURICE.—It's not then; but (*looking up keenly at William*), I suppose that'd hardly be honest work for an independent Irishman.

WILLIAM.—Wouldn't it? That's work after my own heart. Maurice Ruddy, I have l'arnt bitterly what Amerikay means to a poor Irish boy. At home I was ashamed to be seen earnin' honest wages, and I thought it double shame to work to a poor man. In Amerikay I was glad (and far prouder and better nor me was glad) to do the meanest dirty work, and thank God for getting it, too. Thank God, all that is behind me now.—Father, I've come to demand my fortune off ye.

EAMON.—William Breslin, is it draimin' ye are? If I had a fortune worthy of such a brave boy it's you that would get it without the axin'.

WILLIAM.—Well, father, you can give me my fortune, a fortune that's worthy of you, and a fortune that will keep not myself only, but, you likewise, and keep us both in aise, happiness, and comfort. (*Stooping down his head closer to his father's head he says deliberately and impressively.*) I want you to give me—*your blessing and a spade.*

CURTAIN.

AN FEAR CRUADÓ-CROITÓEAC.

(DRAAMA.)

1 MBÉARLA AGUS 1 nGAEÓILG.



SÉAMUS MAC MÁGHUSA

DO SGRIOB 1 MBÉARLA.

AGUS

TOMÁS Ua CONCEANAINN

D'AISTRIGH DO GAEÓILG.



BAILE ÁTA CLIAIC,

m. h. GILL 7 A MAC, SRÁID UÍ CONAILL, UACHTAIR, A 50.



1905.

[Dad éarht do'n foireann an méir déarla atá fa dháma ro a
labhairt do réir canáiminte na háite ina mbeir ré dá léirighad.]

AN FEAR CRUAD-CHROITHÉAC.

AN FOIREANN.

niall ó mhíodáin.

eilís [a bean].

A veiríur cloinne—páirín aghur máire aghur nuála
muirís ó duibh [comhairle].

éamonn ó breislinn.

liam ó breislinn [mac éamonn.]

AN CÉAD RADAR.

Trádnóna iní an gcirteanac i veac néill tí mhíodáin
eilís [bean a' tige] 'na fuiré leat-taob an teallais aghur
cniotáil nó aghur rníomácan. A veiríur cloinne, páirín aghur máire
a nuála, 'na fuiré aghur an uilí, timcheall an teallais, aghur
comhairleanna. Tá ríad aghur cainnt i ngeall.

páirín.—A' veacairíad tá ríad, a máire?

máire.—Oc! a páirín, rin i an comhairle veacra
d'áirí cealad mé aghur.

páirín [a' gáiríad go bhródaí].—Aghur a bfuil
tá aghur veacra ríad, a nuála?

nuála.—Nílim.

páirín.—Sead, céad é mar rin?

nuála.—Nuair a cealad ré cun na coille b'féirí
go raib ceann do na ríadí ríad rin aghur—na ríadí
rin a veacra cun tí bríod, mar tá aghur an máiríad—
céad é reo a glaoiríad aghur, a páirín?

ṖÁÍOÍŃ.—Sin telescope. *Ṭa! ta! ta! ta!* *áct*
cia an *éaoi* ar *b'féioir* leir *dearcead* *tríto* an tele-
scope, a *nuála*, nuair nac *raib* *rúile* aise?

nuála.—*Ṭa! ta! ta! ta!*

nuála [*cúmaileact* *deas* *uircti*].—Ir *fiór* *óuit*, a
ṖÁÍOÍŃ. *Má'r* mar *rín* é *tugaim* *ruar*. *Tabair*
óuin an *freagra*.

ṖÁÍOÍŃ.—*Ói* fear ann *γ* ní *raib* *rúile* ar *bic* aise
asur *cuaird* ré *cun* na *coille* leir an *rpéir* *feiceál*.
Connaic ré *crann* *γ* *ubla* air; níor *dain* ré *uball* *de*
asur níor *fás* ré *aon* *uball* air. *Anoir*, ní *raib* *as*
an *b'fear* *reo* *áct* *aon* *trúil* *amháin*, *asur* *tá* *fiór* *asat*
nac *rúil* "*rúile*."

máire *γ* } *Ó*, *rín* i an *tomair* ir fearr *oá'r*
nuála. } *cualar* *amháin*.

ṖÁÍOÍŃ.—*Sead*, nuair *ó* *aon* *trúil* *amháin* aise,
ar *noóis*, *o'féarad* ré an *rpéir* *feiceál* ar *feabhar*.

nuála.—Ar *noóis*, *o'féarad*.

ṖÁÍOÍŃ.—*Asur* *o'féarad* ré *crann* *feiceál*.

máire.—*áct* *oá* *b'feicead* ré *ublaí* ar an
scrann, cia an *éaoi* *mb'féioir* leir *san* *aon* *uball* a
dainc *de*, ná *cun* air, a *ṖÁÍOÍŃ*?

ṖÁÍOÍŃ.—*Ṭa! ta! ta!* *Ce* nac *b'feiceann* *rú*
féin an *méio* *rín*?

máire.—*B'féioir* *so* *n'eadair* ré *adairle* *asur*
sar *tus* ré a *dearbhrádaí* leir *cun* *iao* a *dainc* *oó*.

ṖÁÍOÍŃ.—*Ara*, *máire*, a *ceann* *san* *céil*. Ní
dearad ré é *rín*. Ar *noóis* *o'iorrad* a *dearbhrádaí*
annrain *iao*.

máire.—*n'óornac* ir *fiór* *óuit*; *asur* *goiré* mar
tuit ré *amad*, a *ṖÁÍOÍŃ*?

nuála.—*B'féioir* *sar* *leas* ré *anuar* *iao* le *n-a*
maíoe.

ṖÁIROÍN.—**Á,** níl oírt áct cloígeann cipín, **á** nuála. **Ó**ioṁar nío-áíro aise le iao 'oo leaṣann le n-**á** mairíe.

NUÁLA.—**Á,** ṙaḃaṁar? **Á**ṣur cia an éaoi, **ṖÁIROÍN,** náí ḃain ré don uḃall 'óe 7 náí fás ré don uḃall aír?

ṖÁIROÍN.—Ní ṙaíḃ áct 'óá uḃall ar an ṣṙann, **Á**ṣur rṙac ré don uḃall aímáin; ní ṙin "uḃlaí" **ṙá** fíor **Á**ṣat, **Á**ṣur 'ó'fás ré don uḃall aímáin 'na 'óiaíó. **Á**ṣur nuair náí fás ré áct don uḃall aímáin 'na 'óiaíó, níor fás ré "uḃlaí" 'na 'óiaíó.

MÁIRE.—**Á,** ír fíor 'óuic, ṙin í an toḃaír ír fṙarí ḃáí éualaó mé 'óá ṙaḃaírṙ amac áíarí.

NUÁLA [bí macṙnarí 'oi fṙín].—**Á**ct, **á** **ṖÁIROÍN,** cé an fát náí ḃain ré an ṙ-uḃall eile 'óe?

ṖÁIROÍN [ṣo ḃorḃac].—**Ó,** ní fáíróc' 'óuine ar bíṙ ṙurá, í 'toḃaír.

MÁIRE [a iocṙṣaó nuála].—**Ó'fṙeíorí** nac ṙaíḃ an ṙ-uḃall eile aíbíó. [le **ṖÁIROÍN**] **Ó'fṙeíorí** ṣurab é ṙin é, 'ṖÁIROÍN?

ṖÁIROÍN [ṣo fṙaríṣac].—**Sílim** ṣo ṙaíḃ ṙinnear fíacal aír;—ní ḃeaó 'óuine ar bíṙ 'óá 'óóíraó fṙín **Á**ṣ cur toḃaírṙanna ar éailíníḃ, cébí rṙṣéal é, mar ní fṙeíorí iao **á** fáíruṣaó.

[ṙaṣann niall ó míóóéáin íṙṙeáé.]

NIALL [le n-**á** mḃaíoi, laḃaírṙ í nṣaéóilṣ fṙeíirín].—**Eílír,** **á** éíoríóe, **ṙá** an 'óó fṙeaṙac fṙeácaínt ṣo han-**ṙona** amac ír amac. **Ṗ**oíóé mar ḃlṣ ṙí inṙiu?

EÍLÍS.—**Máíreáó** 'óeamán fíor **Á**ṣam; níor **ṙuṣ** mé don ṙ-ṙíúntar 'oi, áct aímáin nac ṙaíḃ ṙí ḃaíleac cóm ṙocairí ná cóm fáíṙṙa ír ḃaó ṣnáṙac léi—**Óí** ṙí beaṣán 'óoac, **Á**ṣur 'ó'éigín 'óom **ṖÁIROÍN** **á** cur **Á**ṣ rṙṣíobac **á** naḃaírṙ le cipín le na coínnéál ṙocairí. **Céáíro** **á** **ṙuṣ** **ṙurá** fṙaoi 'óeara **óí** ar bealaó léi, **á** **néil?**

MALL.—*Bí mé 'mo fuidé ar cúl an éiláide annraim le uair go leit an éilais, a' faire oirra, agus an cóir uair a 'd'áiríuigh sí a ceann le gheimhíde, bí sí ag piocad' no-tám-leirceamail ar fad, agus leat na haimiríe ní raib sí áct a' breactnugad' ruar ar an gcnoc, nó na fearaí agus a curo fáile leat-dúnta, a' maectnamh, ar nór an buacalla úo ar baile áda. Cúat rgníobas an filirdeact do na páiríe—é ríúo bí annro an Samraí reo cuairé tair.*

EILÍS.—*Má'r mar rin é, ní'l an bó go maic ná go leat-maic.*

MALL.—*Ní'l sí go maic ná go leat-maic, agus caicirí muiro deod breáde te a tabairt di anocht, agus muna mbeirí don fearaí uirí ar teact na maione caicirí rínn a coinneál iríde 7 aise a tabairt di in-imteact an lae.*

MALLA.—*A daide, daide, cia an áoi a' mbeirí mo máime i n-ann an bó cur ar a glúinib'?*

MALL [*tabairt leir na páiríe i mbéarla*].—*Is it doin' nothin' yous is, childre? [le na mnaoi i nGaoidilg.] Céaró adá na páiríe déanamh, Eilir?*

EILÍS [*leir na páiríe ra mbéarla*].—*Rise up with yous, childre, an' do something. [le na fear i nGaoidilg.] Níl ríad a' déanamh luac leat-pinginne áct ag imirí 7 ag beartairdeact, agus ag cur tomaid-eanna ar a céile. [leir na páiríe i mbéarla.] Rise up with yous, childre, I tell yous, and get your spelling books. [le na fear i nGaoidilg.] 'Dá mbeirí ag gabail de máime oirra, ní maic go breatorá idó do cur ag a gcuro leabair. [leir na páiríe i mbéarla.] Rise out with yous, childre, I tell yous, an' get your spelling books.*

[*Teannann máime agus nuala níor goiríe do páiríe.*]

PÁIRÍE [*tabairt ar a fion fáin agus ar fion máime agus nuala*].—*Ára, máime, adá ar gcuro ceactai*

AGAIINN, AGUR NÍL FINN ACÉ AG CUR TOHAIREANNA AR A CÉILE.

MIALL [le Eilir i nGaeóilg].—Mo náire tú, 'Eilir; nac gcomnigeann tú ag a gcuid leabhair iad. [le páirín i mBéarla.] Hold your tongue, páirín, and do as your mother bids you. [le Eilir i nGaeóilg.] Caitéir tú páirín a rmacctad nó bairéir ré an croide ionainn nuair a tiocfar ré i n-eirfirt. [leir na páirín i mBéarla.] Get your spelling books, I say, and you, páirín, teach Máire and Nualla their meanings. [le Eilir i nGaeóilg.] Caitéimís an fogluim a tabairt dóib, Eilir. [le páirín i mBéarla.] Go on with you now, páirín.

EILÍS [le MIALL i nGaeóilg].—Ar ndóig caitéimís, a néill. [le páirín i mBéarla.] Get on with you now, páirín, and teach your little sisters their meanings.

[Iméigeann páirín, Máire 7 Nualla pá déin a gcuid leabhair, agur fúroíonn siad i n-aice céile ar an teallac.]

MIALL [i mBéarla].—That's the good childre; good for yous.

[Labhann MIALL agur a bean le n-a céile i nGaeóilg i gcomnuiré; acé labhann siad fa mBéarla leir a gclainn.]

EILÍS.—That's right, childre, yous is good, obedient childre, an' ye'll be gran' scholars in English some day.

MIALL.—In English, childre, aye; mind that's what'll get yous bread and butter.

NUALLA.—Táinig garúirín cun na rsoile an lá céana, ó muillac na Cruite, agur ní raib focal ar bit Béarla aige, 7 tug an máistironeár léi abaille é nuair díomar amuis ag imirt, agur tug sí ceapaire breas dó 7 é loma lán o'im agur rúg-craob, 7 tug sí pinginn dó, freirín, le mítreáin a céannac.

MIALL.—Now, chile, will ye howl' your tongue, I

say, and learn your spelling and meanings. [Le Eilír.] Sead, cluimim go bfuil an máisgíroeadr freirín ar nór na ndaoime eile atá dul i n-airteamlaíocht agus i fearóireacht i staoib na Saeóilge.

EILÍS.—Máiread, go bfuilid Dia uirthi agus ar daoimib naé í. Céard atá teacht orthad cori ar bit, a héilí?

MÁLL.—Óearman bpiú ná míniúad ar bit leir níor mó ná go bfuil an iomarca le'n ite agus le'n ól as na daoimib seo, agus naé bfuil fíor aca beirte ná beo leir an airmirí do cáiteamh, agus caiteirí ríad beic óearamh amadóntaíocht éigin leir an raoíal cup tairtad.

EILÍS.—'Sead go rínead. Tá mbead na daoime réadna seo san beic pléir leir an Saeóilge b'féirí go mbeirí as iud éigin níor meara ná í.

MÁLL.—Tá an ceart agat, Eilír. Tá rúil anuas agam le Muirir Ó Dubha go mbreacnócaró ré ar an mbuinn. Cuir mé ríeal cuise le Dornéad Ruad.

[Tá leabair páirín ionpúighe orthuim ar n-air, i láim leir, agus leabair deas nuála san lámh eile.]

PÁIRÍN.—That's wrong, wrong, Nuala; máire, spell you rat.

MÁIRE.—R-a-t, rat.

PÁIRÍN.—That's good. And now, máire, tell me the meanin' of rat.

MÁIRE.—Rat—rat—what's this rat is?

PÁIRÍN.—Didn't I hear the Masther telling you ten times this morning the meaning of rat, and now ye don't know it.

NUALA.—Tá fíor agam-ra é, páirín,—R-a-t, rat, a cover for the head.

PÁIRÍN.—I told ye ye wor stupid, Nuala. Rat *isn't* a cover for the head.

ΜΑΙΡΕ.—I mind now—it's——

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—It's what?

ΜΑΙΡΕ.—R-a-t, a kind of—a kind of—but **what's** this it's a kind of?

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—**ΝΙ** **ΓΙΟΓ** **ΑΓΑΤ** **Ε**, **ΑΝΟΙΡ**. R-a-t, rat, a kind of vermin.

ΜΑΙΡΕ.—Ah, to be sure, a kind of vermin, that's just it. The Masther tells it to me every day, and then I forget it the next minute.

ΝΥΑΛΑ.—**ΔΕΤ** **ΣΕΑΡΟ** **Ε** vermin, **Δ** **ΡΑΙΟΪΝ**?

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—Rat, of course, is meant by vermin.

[**ΣΤΑΘΑΝΝ** **ΝΥΑΛΑ** **ΟΟ'Ν** **ΣΕΙΡΤΙΟΥΣΑΟ**, **ΔΕΤ** **ΡΕΑΔΑΝΝ** **ΡΙ** **ΜΙ-ΓΑΡΤΑ** **ΛΕ** **ΜΙΝΙΟΥΣΑΟ** **ΡΑΙΟΪΝ**.]

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—Now, **ΜΑΙΡΕ**, spell me cat, an' give me its meaning.

ΜΑΙΡΕ.—I know that one. C-a-t, cat, an animal of the tiger kind.

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—Good for you, **ΜΑΙΡΕ**. Ye have the meaning of cat well. Now, **ΝΥΑΛΑ**, one for you. Spell cow.

ΝΥΑΛΑ.—C-ow, cow.

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—Ow! Sure there isn't any such letter in the alphabet as "ow"!

ΜΑΙΡΕ.—C-o-w, cow.

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—That's right, **ΜΑΙΡΕ**. **ΝΥΑΛΑ**, can you give me the meaning for cow?

ΝΥΑΛΑ.—Cow means a **ΒΟ**.

ΡΑΙΟΪΝ.—Ah, **Nuala**, that's Irish. That's not the meaning for cow. What does cow mean?

ΝΥΑΛΑ.—I cannot tell ye the meaning for cow; but I know a whole lot of cows. I know my father's brannet cow that's sick, and I know the sprinkly

cow, an' I know Éamonn O'Brien's maoinín cow, and horny, and I know——

Ṗáiríín.—Arrah, don't bother us, nuála; you know nothing; you don't know the meaning for cow.

nuála.—An' what does cow mean, Ṗáiríín?

Ṗáiríín.—Cow means, c-o-w, cow, a kind of quadruped.

[Bí miall 7 eilír ag éirceacht 7 cluairín ommab ar feadh camail.]

miall [go móir-cúiread].—Say that one again, Ṗáiríín.

C-o-w, cow, a kind of quadruped.

[Féadann miall ar eilír go bhódamail, agus cratann ré a ceann, ag ráó i nSaeóilg. "Éir leir rin, eilír." (Cratann eilír a ceann anonn cuige maí fheadhna a' ráó i nSaeóilg.) "Tá mé ag éirceacht, a héill."]

miall.—Good boy, Ṗáiríín; you'll be an attorney yet.

nuála.—Ṗáiríín, what's a quadruped?

Ṗáiríín.—That's the thing the Masther says a cow is.

nuála.—Aye, but what is it itself?

Ṗáiríín.—Father, I wish you would make nuála hold her tongue. No one could teach her nothing.

eilís.—How often did I tell you, nuála, not to be a bothersome girl.

miall.—Now, nuála, a cúirge, don't you know that no one that asks questions will ever learn anything?

Ṗáiríín.—Now, máire, here, you read a bit there.

máire [beirceann sí ar an leabhar do rín Ṗáiríín cuige, agus toruigeann sí ag léigean ra mbealach ir sháctac do Ṗáiríib rgoile óéanam].—"James daubs

his clothes with clay." Who was James Daubs, páirín?

páirín.—I don't know. He was a fellow in Dublin. Go on with your reading.

máire [léigeann ariú ar an gcuma céanna].—To hoist is to lift up Joe.

páirín.—That will do, máire. Wait now till you hear me read out of my book. [Coruigeann ré a' léigeann ran éadai ir gnaíad do buacailiú ríste.] "What a blessing it is to be born a happy little British child, as I have been, and to grow up to be a man in the full knowledge that I am heir to the traditions of the glories of an empire which includes within its bounds the territories of the white, black and the red man. And what a pride it is to me to know that on this vast empire of ours the sun never sets."

nuala.—And, páirín, what's the reason that the sun never—that the sun never—

maíll [bualad a cor ar an talamh].—Nuala, I say again will ye hold your tongue with ye, or will I have to put ye away to bed, will I?

[Tagann muiúir ó Dubda ircead i nghan fíor uóir agus bí ré 'na fearaí ar fead camailín as éircead leir an gcaint. Tagann eilíir fá veaia é go tobann. Coruigeann an éaint i ngeabóis.]

eilís.—Ara, a muiúir uí Dubda, an curad atá annaí?

[Éirigeann sí 'na fearaí, cuimileann sí a n-arrúin de éadaíir uó, agus leagann sí i i gceairt láir an ceallais, or coídar na teinead amad.]

maíll.—A muiúir, an tá féin atá ann? Tá fáilte agus fíde nómat.

eilís.—Seo catadóir uuit. Druíad eairad, a páirín. Suir fíor anoir annaí, a muiúir, agus céit tá féin as an teine.

MUIRÍS [as veaicadó go sriinn ar na páiríob].—
Céaró é rin bí tú a léigean, a páiríob?

MIALL.—Oo! bí ré a' léigean a curó ceactaí, a
múirír. Leigteóir an-iongantac amac ir amac é.

EILÍS.—Cuiread ré áilleact ar vo éiríde veit as
éirteact leir. Read that again, páiríob, for Maurice.

PÁIRÍOB [as coruis as léigean. Múirír as
veaicadó ari, go cruinn. Tá Eilir 7 Miall 7 cluar
orrad as éirteact le páiríob, asur a' breactnugadó ar
múirír go bródamail].—"What a blessing it is to
be born a happy little British child"—

MUIRÍS.—Blatherskite! Tarbáin an leabhar rin
com.

[Sgiobann ré an leabhar ar lámhaí páiríob, féadann ré
éirí ar fead móimint nó óo ran áit a raib páiríob a léigean
o'eirvean 7 an-cútaí feirge ari. Leigean cúpla orna nó
éirí ar, iompúigean ré go vici an céad bílleós von leabhar
asur léigean ré]:

"Patrick Meehan, Cashmore *National* School,"
August 13, 1902." *National* school, fead, go víreac.
[léigean.]

"Patrick Meehan is my name,
Ireland is my nation,"—

Sead, máirce—Ireland—hm! I thought it was a
British child you were.

"Ireland is my nation,
Cashmore my dwelling place,
And Heaven my expectation.

"When I'm dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
This little book will tell my name
When I am quite forgotten."

[Iompúigean ré éair bílleós eile.]

"Don't steal this book, my trusty friend,
For fear the gallows would be your end."

Tump, tump! Sead go víreac—just so. [Teirveann
ré go vici an áit a raib páiríob a léigean.] "A

happy little British child." Cé an róirt leibheáct é seo aḡat, a Néill Uí Mhuirís, aḡ tionscú aḡur a' bpuḡaḡ na leibheácta 7 na ḡallbácta seo irceáct i ḡcloisnib do páirḡí?

NIALL.—Ara, Mhuirís, nac é rin atá ran leabhar, aḡur caitear imteáct do réir an leabhar.

EILÍS.—Ar nodúḡ caitear rinn, a Néill; bíod ciall aḡat aḡur ruid ríor annrain. Nac ḡcaitear an páirḡe a ceáct fogluim mar tá ré ra leabhar?

MUIRÍS [caiteann ré an leabhar tar mullaḡ a cinn ríor ra circeannac. Tagann ionsna ar Niall, ar Eilir 7 ar a ḡclann, ruidéann ré ríor annrain ar an ḡcataoir].—Dia dá réirḡeáct, Dia dá réirḡeáct! Ir beaḡ an t-ionsantar éirḡe beirḡe uil i mullaḡ na tubairḡe.

NIALL.—Ara, bíod ciall aḡat, a Mhuirís. Bíod níor mó céille aḡat. Tá ḡac níḡ baínear le éirḡe aḡ cur an iomarca imnirḡe ar faḡ oirḡ, aḡur dá mbéaḡ rinn taréir tú cur ran uaiḡ Dé Saḡairḡ, beaḡ deaḡmaḡo déanta oirḡ aḡ éirḡe Dé luain. Nac ḡcaitear imteáct leir an rruḡ, má'r mian linn don leaḡ a déanaḡ uáinn réin.

MUIRÍS.—Ní ionsantar, ní ionsantar, ní ionsantar. A Néill Uí Mhuirís, nac bfuil cuimne aḡat ar an tḡean-aimirḡ, cúḡ bliáḡna déaḡ 7 ríce ó ríoin—a' ḡcuimnirḡeann tú ar aimirḡ na bḡíann, an bliáḡain i oirḡḡar '67 uirḡi?

NIALL.—Oé! ní raib ionnam áct ḡearrḡbḡaḡ an uair rin—ḡarúr ḡan móran céille.

MUIRÍS.—Maíreáḡ, ré an tḡuaḡ ḡear nár fan tá 'do ḡarúr. U'fearr ḡo bḡanḡá ámlaib ar 'do ríon réin, ar ríon 'do cuirḡ cloinne, aḡur ar ríon 'do éirḡe.

NIALL.—Anoir, a Mhuirís, ní don máic uirḡ beirḡeaint mar rin. Turá a cónnaic, a cónnaic aḡur a

cuairt éirí an raogail rin go léir. Bain faill ar reo [a' rínead an píopa cuige; beirneann Muinirí air].

MUINIRÍS.—Sead, mire, a connaic agus a cuairt éirí, a veirí tó; rin é go rínead an cuirí ir meara ve'n ríseal agus an ionganac go mbeinn beagán colgac. Ó na laetib rin connaic mé an tír boct reo as tolgaó agus as toul cun donaict ó bliadain go bliadain—rriopáin san máit san máoin, san cnám troma ná rriop, as cabruisad leir an námaio cun i véanarh níor meara; reoiníní agus boicíní agus cladóirí nac nveanraó faice na rriugoe ar a ron, agus nac gcuirpead na luige ar a gclainn aon nro véanarh ói, aict as múinead dóib, agus as uingro irteac ionta gac uile lá trí ruo.

NIALL.—Agus céaró iao na trí ruo rin, a Muinirí?

MUINIRÍS.—Tá, veapmaro a véanarh ar a vteangaid, veapmaro véanarh ar a vtrí agus imteact airí cón luad i n-éiríonn 'rír féirí leó é. Go bfuíonn Dia orainn, go bfuíonn Dia orainn.

[Tagann éamonn ó bheirlinn irteac, rean-feapí cionta cnaplío, cliaó móna ar a úruim aige, a guallilí irteis ran eirí ar aige. Labhann ré ó'n cairríg.]

ÉAMONN.—Bail ó Dia ar an teac reo agus ar a bfuil ann.

NIALL.—Óra, an tura acá annrain—mairead an páiríon céatona dúit, éamoinn.

EILÍS.—Go mba hamlaio dúit, éamoinn, 7 rao raogail cuisao. Tar irteac!

[Éamonn as líbadó raoi an ualac móna.]

EILÍS.—Leas an cliaó ar an mbóro, éamoinn, a cairge.

[Éiríonn Niall 7 Eilirí na fearaí, ríteann riao anonn 7 tucann riao congnam bó an cliaó a leagann ar an mbóro. Leagann éamonn an cliaó ve, cuirneann ré orna ar 7 ranann ré na fearaí, a bó gualainn ran eirí, a úruim leir an gcliaó. Leigean a ríit 7 féacaint le na úruim boct a bfuíonn.]

ÉAMONN.—Dail ó 'Dia ort, a mhúirí. Seo é an
ait a bhfuil tú?

[Cuairt píopa mhúirí ar 7 tá ré ag cromadh síor éun na
tairnead éun an mairte lafaó le'n a píopa úeasgá. Le linn
é cromadh síor dearcann ré go mí-éasgá ar Éamonn, áit
ní éasgá aon fheasga ari. Dearcann Éamonn ar Miall
7 eilir éom mairt ir dá bhfarfuisgead ré céaró atá ari, agus
craicann ríad a sceann mar fheasga.]

EILÍS.—Cé an róir craicnóna amuis é, Éamonn?

ÉAMONN.—Ó, craicnóna bheá, buirdeacaf vo
'Dia, tá gac uile coramlact go mberó tuillead vo'n
aimrí bheá asainn.

EILÍS.—míle buirdeacaf le 'Dia.

ÉAMONN.—Bí mé tall annrain ag an gcrúaid
móna ag iarrad an cléibín móna reo, agus carad
mac beag mícilín póil dom, a'r bí ré ag innreac
dom gur éit na rídeógaí leir an mbuin riadais 7
bual mé irteac ar mo bealac abailte go bhfarfócainn
cé an éaoi raib rí.

MIALL.—Go raib mairt asat, Éamonn—rílim féin
nac amlaib éit na rídeóga léi beag ná móir—
ceapaim gur fuac a fuair rí aréir. Táimis Múirí
annro, ríán a beaf ré, i leir go bdeacaf ré uirí.

MUIRÍS.—Agus bí tú tall ag an gcrúaid móna i
gcoinne an cléibín móna rin? Bhfuil liam tinn leir
an bhfarafaf nó bhfuil na voiteaca ar laobaircín a
éoiré, nó céaró atá ari, go mb' éisín dá éairí boct a
vul éun an porcais ag bhreaf a éoiríde 7 a éroma ag
tarfaimgt móna le ballacáib a luirgne a éitead vo?

ÉAMONN.—Ní'l, míle buirdeacaf le 'Dia; níl
tinnear ná éasgaoin ar liam boct, áit, tá síor asat,
tá an garúr a' vul go mériocá.

MUIRÍS.—Ó, má tá ré ar a bealac go mériocá tá
aitméat oim míleán a éur ar an mbuacail, fá ná
raib ré ra n-ait ná bhféoirí leir a beir.

Éamonn.—Oc, ní heath! Níl ré ar a bealaí anonn; níor mian liom a iad go raib ré imtígte, áit tá ré le n-imteáct, tá fíor agat.

muirís.—Le n-imteáct, an eath! Tuigim. Ó tárla go bfuil fear ós “le n-imteáct” go Meiriceá caitear ré a dtair boct, a bí a tneadhó 7 ag fupradó dó ar fear a faogail, nó go raib ré ruar i n-eirpirt—ó tárla go bfuil ré “le n-imteáct” do’n Oileán úr a-veirim bfuil ré le n’atair boct a tiomáint amac le na élaib go dtí an portac cun móin a tairtear abail le rpreangairí an dailtín a téitear leir an teime?

Éamonn.—Ar a anoir, a muirís, deamhan ciail ar bit agat. Níor tiomáin an garúir amac mé leir an móin a tairpangt abail—éadair ann ar m’ugdair féin.

muirís.—Ó, fearó. Níor tiomáin ré amac tú, ir ahlair rgaoil ré ann tú; bí fíor aige náir tairtuig don tiomáint uait.

Éamonn.—Anoir, a muirís bí Dubda, níl don élaann agat féin, agus tá a fliocht ort, ní tuigeanann tú iad, ná ní tuigeanann tú gíad atair. Nuair atá an mairiac a d’oil tú ó bí ré ina naoróneán, ó oróce go mairóin, agus ó mairóin go hoiróce, nuair atá ré ag imteáct uait, a-veirim cun a beata faotruadh ar fuo an doimain—agus b’féoir, muna bfuil ag Dia, gan do fuil a leagan air airí go brátaí, nac hé an fuo ir luá ir féoir a déanamh dó, beagán ruaimnir a tairtear dó ó beir tairpangt móna 7 ag rparacó 7 ag fupradó, ar fearó tamailín ful beairpar tú an crataí-Láimhe veireannac dó?

muirís.—Seo é veiread an foghair, oit lá poime lá Samna, agus ar éala mé an fíunne nuair a éalar iad dá iad go raib paimnéarac láim le teáct cuige faoi Noilais, agus go raib ré le n-imteáct taca na bliathna nua?

ÉAMONN.—Cualaíð tú an fírinne glan, muir, a mhuirí. Cuir a deirbhíúir, úna (céad rian oi! a gur go gcuiríodh Dia ar a leab i céibí áit a bfuil sí), cuir sí luac an éadaiḡ cuige, tá tuairim ir trí reáct-máiní ó foín, le go mbeaḡ ré óá ríócáil féin, a gur tá sí leir an bpairinéaraáct a cur cuige faoi nótaiḡ.

MUIRÍS.—Sin é ceapár. Inniḡ dom, a Éamonn, a nveárna ré luac poirtín bioráin o' obair ó fuaíḡ ré an liciḡ rin ó úna?

ÉAMONN.—Ára, mhuirí, deamhan ciail ar bit aḡat. Nuair fáḡar tuine rḡála go bfuil ré le anróð 7 cruabótan 7 boicteanaáct an tpaogáil fáḡáil 'na óiaró 7 óul go Meiricá—ran áit go bfuil an t-airḡeao cómh fairḡing 7 níor luḡa cóir aḡ, cloinim, ná tá ar énaíḡ áḡairce annro, cia an éaoi mbeaḡ a éroirde a' rḡlabairdeáct leir an láirde níor mó? Táirir rin féin, bí liam cruabóḡaáct ó foín, aḡ ceannaáct culaíḡ éadaiḡ 7 óá fáḡáil véanta aḡ Corḡmac, an táilliúir.

MUIRÍS.—A gur crierim go bfuil sí aḡ ar an aimpirí reo.

ÉAMONN.—Tá sí, ar na laeteantaíḡ reo, a gur a' mbeaḡ rúil aḡat go raááḡ ḡarúir a bfuil culaíḡ breáḡ ḡalánta éadaiḡ ar a óruim, marí tá ar liam, amac ar an bporḡaáct aḡ capairdeáct le cliaḡ móna, ná láirde a cóḡáil 'na láim, ná obair fálaáct ar bit eile o'o'n tḡóir a véanaíḡ?

MUIRÍS.—Ní beaḡ, ní beaḡ, a-deirim.

ÉAMONN.—Ánoir, a mhuirí, tá ciail aḡ teáct uirt; ir féirirí leat a beir ciailmarí go leórí nuair ir mian leat é.

MUIRÍS.—Ní beaḡ rúil aḡam go ríocraáḡ ḡarúir marí liam, a mbeaḡ culaíḡ nuáḡ éadaiḡ aḡ, amac ar an bporḡaáct aḡ rḡraááit le cliaḡ móna, ná láirde cóḡaint 'na láim nuair atá amaraán o' áḡair aḡe

leir an obair fálac a déanamh dó. Ní beaó rúil ar bit agam leir—agus ní beinn—a mheiriceá, a mheiriceá, mo feacht míle mallacht ort, agus air loings na h-imirce.

MIALL [i leat-taob le eilir].—Muiré, ná raib an t-áb ort mara bfuil Muirís Ó Dubda ro-éiríú ar fad ar an bfeair boct.

EILIS [i leat-taob le MIALL].—Muiré, go maiciré Dia dó é.

ÉAMONN.—Ná habair é, ná habair é, a Muirís Uí Dubda.

MUIRÍS.—Mo mallacht ort, a mheiriceá, mo mallacht ar loings na h-imirce, 7 mo feacht mallacht ar airgead na pairinéaracht' a tásar ar.

ÉAMONN.—Ná habair é, a Muirís. Go maiciré Dia duit é. Céaró do déanfaó ar scailíní 7 ar mbuacailí bocta maraó mheiriceá, a tógar ó ocrar, 7 ó éiríúcan 7 ó aníos iao 7 a túsar flaitearlaict 7 sac uile fóir óá feabhar dóib éall?

MUIRÍS [taréir éirge na fearam].—Mo feacht míle mallacht ar mheiriceá, mar tá sí a' tabairt ríocht na bfeair 7 plúr na mban uainn, óá otabairt ó mhaoráideacht, ó neimciontaacht agus ó simplídeacht annro, go dtí an amplacht, an náire, an peacáó, an raogal mí-fuaimneac 7 an bár mí-éirícheac annró. Agus a éiré doict—go bpoiré Dia na bflaitear ort, 7 go ndearcair Sé anuar le n-a fúilíó éirícheac ar na daoimíó atá 'sa do éirígean, agus go dtugair Dia maiteamhar do na hatáiréacáib 7 do na mátairéacáib atá réanaó na Saebílge ar a sclainn agus atá óá mbhorcugáó cun riubail uata.

ÉAMONN [a fút a' creataó le teann buairéad].—Go maiciré Dia duit é, a Muirís Uí Dubda, go maiciré Dia duit a leiríoe rin de ruo a ráó. Nac

bhuil rinn a' déanamh do réir mar céapaf muid ir fearr.

MUIRÍS.—Tá fíor agham go bhuil, tá fíor agham go bhuil tú déanamh do réir mar céapaf tú ir fearr, áct céapaf veir tú 'do taob féin, a éamoinn? Fuair Eiblin báp cúis bliathna déas ó foim, an luagnara reo caitte. (Má tá fíil ag ceactar aghainne Dia 7 na flaitir feiceál go brátaó tá Eiblin, do céile éaoin, ag breactnuasó ar éaóan an donmhc anocht.) O'fás rí óá páirve go lag lábac fá do éáram, agus ó'n lá rin go tóí an lá reo tá tú ag treabó 7 ag fupraf óóib, lá fliuc 7 lá tihim, Dé Doimnais 7 Dé luain, agus ir maít a faotruis tú iao ó foim. O'fás rí tú mar tá tú inoiu, 'do fean-fean cromta, craisligte, iat poim t'aimriri. Agus nuair a bí an cailín beas 'na bean ós, 7 an buacail beas in' fear ós, nuair baó céapaf óóib a beít mar compóirt 7 mar fólár agat agus i n-ann ruaimnear a tabairt uirt i meirneó do faogail rgaóil tú uait úna anonn go Meirneó, bliathain ó foim, agus san faice ná fupoe do múiriam do éur oit, 7 anoir tá tú ag fágaíl mar íocairdeáct ó úna, liam a meallao uait anonn. Agus cia an éaóí mbeir tú, 7 céapaf a éanraf tú? 7 do neapf cailte, do fláinte cailte agat—'reao 7 ruo nfor meara ná rin ar fao, do éhoirde bhirte, bhuigte millte éom maít céaóna? Cia an éaóí éap oit éor ar bit, nó céapaf a éanraf tú, ag fupraf 7 ag átamáil leir an rpaio agus ag suairneáil ábaile ó'n bpoitac faoi do éléibín móna gac uile oíóe, go tóí do bóatán uaigneac, do éallac gnuama, fearbar in do maectnam, agus tú ag opraigil 7 ag cheaóac.

Ní céapann tú go bhuil reo tuillte agat áct fágtar é rin ioir tú féin agus Dia. Áct tuill é nó ná tuill, tá tú uil caol víneac i mbealac do bapsta, caol víneac éun do laeteanta a éaíteam i n-uaignear agus i gopuáócan.

EILÍS [leat-taob le Niall].—A! nac é Muirís an fear cruaid-choróeac, an uaine san choróe san cruaid.

NIALL [leat-taob le Eilir].—Go maithé Dia dó é.

[Éamonn, carbáint go pollupac go bfuil a choróe dá réabad, aet le iapaet móir cuireann ré corz air; san an oipeao ip rreagrad éadairt uair cuireann ré a dá guala irteac i n-eitir an éleib, asur véanann ré iapaet an éleib a éur ar a éruim. Tá Muirís ó Duboa ioir dá comairle. Dáó maith leir, ar bealac, lám éonganta éadairt do'n tpean-fear, aet ip maith leir cuma na feirge éoinneál air féin i cuireann ré corz ar aon éongad éadairt dó leir an gcliaib árougac. Iméigeann Niall i Eilir éun lám éadairt dó, uaine aca ar gac taob, árouigeann ríao an éleib air. Annpain san an oipeao ip focal a ráó iméigeann leir amac an uoiras as tarrangac na gcor ar éigin na dáio. Éirigeann gac uaine irteig i uaircann ríao 'na dáio san ríao arca.]

BRAC ANUAS.

AN DARA RADARC.

i gairteanac néill uí mhóeáin. níl irteig aet Eilir. Cógann rí corcán leir le h-agar an cruipéir ve'n teallac, asur uairuigeann rí an teine. Tagann Niall irteac, asur go oléit 'na dáio tagann Muirís ó Duboa.

NIALL.—Ar éur tú na páirí a éolac, Eilir?

EILÍS.—Cuirear. Cé do mear ar an mbó rgeatad, a mhuirís?

MUIRÍS.—Níl taob ar an mbuin, aet amáin go bfuair rí beagán fuairt. Tabairt veoc breag te bpoéin ói, pul raetar tú éolac, asur ná éur amac i mbáireac í, asur beir rí éom maith ip ói rí fuath.

EILÍS.—Mile burdeac le Dia. Ip maith liom rin. Dáó móir an éall orainn dá ngeobac rí bap.

[Tarrangann Muirís asur Niall a gcuio catáiréac ríor i n-aice na teine, asur aet-larann Muirís a ríopa.]

MUIRÍS.—Nár mó ná rin an éall uirt dá ngeobac uaine do na páirí bap?

EILÍS.—Is fíor úuit, aḡur go mairtú Dia úúinn é beit 'clamhrán. Ar nódig 'dá mbeaḡnóó' muiro air, ran mbealaó rin, is beaḡ an tpuim baó ceart úúinn a cúp i mbáir don bó ámhain, ná i mbáir deic ḡcinn aca áct an oipeaó, 'dá mbao puo é go mbeoír aḡainn.

MUIRÍS.—Duine de 'do cúro cloinne, 'reao, nó beirt de 'do cúro cloinne—'do élan go léir——

EILÍS.—Ó! ar son 'Dó! a muiir, úi 'Dúroa, aḡur ná habair níor mó.

MUIRÍS.—Ar nóir éamonn.

MIALL.—Go 'bpoirú Dia ar éamonn boct!

EILÍS.—Go 'bpoirú Dia air, mairao! aḡur ámén. Tá mé ceapaó, a muiir, go nbeaóair tú po-úian ar an 'duine boct.

MUIRÍS.—Umf! umf!

MIALL.—Éamonn, mo 'duine boct, 're beaḡ uaiḡneac anoir leir féin.

EILÍS.—Uaiḡneac, ní uaiḡneac go 'tí é, beiró a 'cpoibe bpiḡce réabta.

MUIRÍS.—aḡur cia air a 'bpuil an milleán?

EILÍS.—Cpaoim, ar nódig, ḡur ar liam aca an milleán, an mac rin aige ḡan mairt, ḡan maoim.

MIALL.—'Seao go oipeaó.

MUIRÍS.—ha, ha! Cuir an tppaḡar ar ḡac capall áct ar an ḡcapall ceart. Má tá liam ḡan mairt ḡan maoim, cé rinne mar rin é? Cé rinne peata de ḡ a mill é ḡ nac leisreao 'do'n ḡaoit féin réireao air?

EILÍS.—Á! a muiir, rin mar 'dubairt éamonn leat nil fíor aḡac ḡoioé mar ḡoilleaḡ ré ar 'cpoibe ácaḡ.

MUIRÍS.—Inḡ an tír reo aḡainne cialluigeann

cróirde achar go mion 7 go minic gur cruad-áiríodha é, agus dá mbeirínn —

[Cloirtear uaine éigin as teacht cum an vóir 7 é carad an póirt ir uiré táinig ó lunnvain Saranna. Tazann Liam irtead, agus é fearaigil, culait nuad ari, bhróga nuad, 7 cairín nuad, a lámha 'na póca, a cairín 7 rtiúir uirí, rladha uaireadóga 'na veirt. Na daoine atá as an teine iompuižeann riad as féadaint ari. Siublann ré go dtí ceart-lá an uiláir. Cratann ré a ceann go veap rúdáilcead, agus veirheann :—]

LIAM.—Go mbeannuigir Dia ra tead reo.

MIALL 7 } Mairead go mba hamlaio duit, a Liam,
EILIS. } a tairge.

[Dearcann muirir ari, aet ní ladhann ré rriú.]

EILIS [as éirge na fearaí 7 as leagann cataoir cuige].—Suirí ríor, a Liam, a ríor, agus teit tú péin as an teine. Tá míle fáilte romat.

LIAM [túl i nriaró a cúil go dtí an bóir atá le taob na fuinneóige, agus é riur veit 'na fearaí agus 'na ríre ari].—Go raib maít asat, a Eilir, ní veiré mé a' ríre.

MIALL.—Ladhair an an riadál 7 tiocrao ré; bíomar go rihead as caint oir, a Liam.

EILIS [as dearcad go bagairéad ari MIALL].—Sead, a Liam. An an gcuma atá tú fáir ir gearr go tiocrao tú ó aithe oirinn, bail ó Dia oir.

LIAM.—Go raib maít asat, go raib maít asat. Ir veap an ruo daoine veit as cur ruim i nriine agus a' suiré raí 7 raíamnar ari. Ná maít, a muirir? Cía an éaoi a bfuil tú, a muirir?

MUIRIS [go mí-éadóat].—Táim maít go leor, míle buideadar le Dia. B'féoir gur maít an ruo daoine veit as cur ruime i nriine, aet ir gearr 'na rin é má tuilleann uirne é.

LIAM.—Sead, 'reao, go rihead—rin é atá i *geirte asat*.

eilis.—**Á!** A buine boict, tuise naé ruiseann r
anuad annro?

LIAM.—Go raib maic agat, a Eilir, ní fuiréasó.
 Bí mé ar mo cóirceim 7 ní deapna mé áct bualaó
 irteac féadaint cé mar bí an bó, mar chualaó mé go
 bfuil sí go dona. Mar bí mé ag raib ní raib mé áct
 ar mo cóirceim dul anonn go dtí-tig mícilín páiróin
 Dhuain. Beró ppoirt mhór ann anocht, mar tá fíor
 agat tá triúr ingean mícilín le n-imteadct go
 Meiriceá ar maidin—go ngnotuig Dia dóib.

eilis.—Mairead, go ngnotuis Dia do na creatairí. Níl an bó comh dona, a liam, ir ceapamar, go raib maic agat. Táinig Muirir Ó Dubtha i leit le na feiceál, agus deir pé gur fuact a fuair sí, agus nuair feobar sí cápla veac breag te go mberó sí ar feabhar i mbáineac.

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muirís.—Ó tráct tá ar mheicéar sup tráctair,
 a liam uí Dheirlinn, cloinim go bfuil tú féin le
 n-imteáct anonn uainn.

ΛΙΔΜ [ΣΟ ΜΑΡΙΘΑΝΤΑ].—Ο, τὰίμ; τὰ μέ κυρῖνιυζαὺ
 ἀρ ἱεῖρρα ἐὰυδιτε ἀμαδὲ ἀνη, τὰσα νὰ ἡοὺλας.

ΜΥΗΡΙΣ.—Σεαὸ σο ὀφρεαὶ. Τὰ τὴ ἀς ταῖαιρε
τ'αταρ αμαὶ λεατ, ἀρ νοοίς ?

LIAM.—M'atair! Cía an tubairte ná mi-ab
beaó orm tabairt m'atair liom go Meiriocá? Zoróe
an mait beanaó ré i Meiriocá?

MUIRÍS.—'Seadh, mairte. Cseroim nađ mbeadh don mairt leir an rean-fear bođt. Nuair tagar an doir orainn mar rin, agur an laigeadh, níl don gñóta dinn i n-áit ar bit.

ΛΙΔΜ.—Ἰὸ οἶρεά, ῖν ἐ βελάε ἀν τραοῖαι, ἄ
 ῖνιπρ.

muirís.—Sé : bealaí an traoisail é. Agus céard
—céard tá ag t'ádhair le déanamh?

LIAM.—Ó, tá ré—tá ré—tá ré—ar nódís le
rṑpacad leir an raogal ran mbaile, com maic 'fir
féirir leir é.

MUIRÍS.—Ó, 'reab go vṑneac, tá ré cleactac ar
a beir rṑpacad leir an raogal.

LIAM.—Mar veir tú tá m'acair cleactac ar
beir rṑpacad asur as tíarṑail leir an raogal, asur
éirṑeócarṑ leir, ar cúma eicint.

MUIRÍS.—Ó! tá, go veimṑin, tá, go veimṑin. Asur
nṑl duine ar bit asainn, mṑa teirṑeann ré cuise rin,
com pean ná com las, ná com huaisneac, 'dṑa 'donaet
'dṑa nṑeacair an raogal i n-ar scoinne, ná 'dṑa cruarṑe
tṑa 'otiocarṑ ré linn, nae mberṑ i n-ann a bealac
fṑsail amac go 'otí an uais asur rṑneab riar innti,
ar cúma eicint.

LIAM.—Mairead, a mṑuirṑir bí 'Dubṑa, asur cia
atṑa caint ar uaisṑeannaib?

MUIRÍS.—Oc! ní raib don duine aet mire. Aet, a
Liam, an mbeab ré cairṑeireac asam riarṑuis 'otí cia
an pṑt a bṑuil tú féin 'ar bṑasail? Tá rinne, 'o
curo comarranna as féacaint orṑ ó bí tú 'oo páirṑe
(asur tá tú t'feap anoir), as léimneac na sclarṑeacṑ
asur as peatṑe anonn ṑ anall le rṑce bliṑain, asur
berṑ cineal cúma orṑainn nuair nae bṑeicṑrṑ rṑnn
nṑr mó tú. Cao cuise a bṑuil tú as imṑeact uainn?

LIAM.—Ara mṑuirṑir, cia o'fanṑad ra tír reo?

MUIRÍS.—Cearṑ é rin a-veir tú.

LIAM.—Veirim nae bṑanṑad feap ar bit ra tír
reo—ré rin feap ar bit a mb'fiú feap a tabairṑ air:
cao cuise bṑanṑad ré fṑ ocrap ṑ fṑ cruarṑetan nuair
atṑa tír mar mṑeiriocṑ ann.

MUIRÍS.—Sin é anoir go vṑneac é; asur ceap mire
i scoinneirṑ sur oibṑis t'acair, 'Dia 'sṑa cúmhac, go
cruarṑ ar feab a fṑasail, cun 'o 'ótain le n-íe ṑ le

n-ól a tábairt duit 7 le éadóac éur ar do énoiceadh ;
 agus, a Liam, má'r fá oenar 7 fá éruadótan a thair tú,
 ir ní-thair éuadóar duit, agus níl doéctúr a o'feicfead
 tú nac molaó ré duit coinneál ort ar an gcuma
 céadna.

LIAM.—Sead, ní baileac supab é rin baó mian
 liom a ráó, acé ré an ruo baó mian—baó mian—cá
 fíor agat céaró ir mian liom a ráó.

MUIRÍS.—Muiré, anoir, a Liam, ar fáictíor na
 bpeige, níl mé cinnte go bfuil fíor.

LIAM.—Mairead nac bfuil fíor ag sad uile
 duine nac tír ar bit i reo. Ar nódís ní fáca cá don
 duine ruadh a o'iméís airé, agus cáimís ar n-air
 airé, náir dúbairt ré é rin ?

MUIRÍS.—Cneirim go scaitfead ré beir amlaó,
 acé reo ruo nac baileac go ocuigim mar rin, cia an
 fáé a otagann na daoine rin ar n-air go oí "tír
 nar bpeú tír a tábairt uiréi."

LIAM.—Cá fáé agus aóbar a noótain aca a teacé.
 ní beinn comh dall-intinneac leat ar éuro thairé, a
 múirí.

MUIRÍS.—Ná tábair don mhilleán dom, a Liam úi
 bpeirlinn ar ruo nac bfuil neairt agam air. Rugad
 mar rin mé, cá fíor agat, acé mar bíomar a ráó a
 Liam —.

LIAM.—Mar bí mé a ráó, ní fanfad don fear, dá
 mbaó fear é, fan tír reo—rin é bun agus barr an
 rgeil.

MUIRÍS.—Anoir, a Liam, rin é niall ó mioróáin,
 a o'fan fá tír, agus bí lá de'n tpaogal nuair nar
 thair liom a beir i mbrogaib an fíir a oéarfad sup
 fear meacáa bí ann. Agus mé féin, freirín, cuir i
 scár, o'fan mé ann, agus bí mé lá de mo faogal
 agus bí muinigín thair go leor agam aram féin.

ÉAMONN.—Oc, ní heath! níl ré ar a bealach anonn; níor mian liom a riab go riab ré imtiste, aet cá ré le n-imteact, cá fíor agat.

MUIRÍS.—Le n-imteact, an eath! Tuigim. Ó cápla go bfuil fear ós “le n-imteact” go Meimoca caiteiró ré a ádair boct, a bí a tpeadab 7 ag fupradó ó ar fear a faogail, nó go riab ré ruar i n-eirfirt—ó cápla go bfuil ré “le n-imteact” do’n Oileán úr a-veirim bfuil ré le n’ááir boct a tiomáint amac le na éiab go dtí an portac cun móin a ábairt ábairt le rpeangairí an áiltín a téteath leir an taine?

ÉAMONN.—Ára anoir, a múirí, áeathán ciail ar bit agat. Níor tiomáin an garú amac mé leir an móin a áppaingt ábairt—éuathar ann ar m’ugathar féin.

MUIRÍS.—Ó, fear. Níor tiomáin ré amac tú, ir áhlair rgaol ré ann tú; bí fíor aige náir ártuig don tiomáint uait.

ÉAMONN.—Anoir, a múirí uí Dubda, níl don éiann agat féin, agus cá a fuoet oir, ní tuigeanh tú iad, ná ní tuigeanh tú riab áar. Nuair acá an malrac a o’oil tú ó bí ré ina naoróneán, ó oiróe go mairóin, agus ó mairóin go hoiróe, nuair acá ré ag imteact uait, a-veirim cun a beata faotruath ar fuo an doimáin—agus b’féirí, muna bfuil ag Dia, gan do fuil a leagan air airí go bráac, nac hé an fuo ir luá ir féirí a áeathán óó, beagán ruaimíir a ábairt óó ó beir áppaingt móna 7 ag rparacá 7 ag fupradó, ar fear áamailín rú bearrar tú an cracá-láime veireannac óó?

MUIRÍS.—Seo é veireath an fogmair, oet lá poime lá Samna, agus ar éuala mé an fírinne nuair a éualar iad óá riab go riab páirnéaract liam le teact éuige faoi Noilais, agus go riab ré le n-imteact taca na bliathna nua?

ÉAMONN.—Cualaíð tú an fíunne glan, muir, a mhuirí. Cuir a dheirdhíúr, úna (céad rian oi! aghur go gcuiríod 'Dia ar a leas i céibí áit a bfuil sí), cuir sí luac an éadaiḡ cuige, tá tuairim ir tḡí reáct-mainí ó foín, le go mbeaḡ ré óá rḡócaíl réín, aghur tá sí leir an bḡairínéaraáct a cur cuige faoi nḡolaiḡ.

MUIRÍS.—Sin é ceapap. Inniḡ dom, a Éamonn, a nḡeáirna ré luac poínctín bḡiráin o' obair ó fuaíḡ ré an liciḡ rin ó úna?

ÉAMONN.—Ára, mhuirí, deáman ciall ar bit aḡac. Nuair fásar tuine rḡeala go bfuil ré le anḡóḡ 7 cḡuaḡḡan 7 bḡiḡḡeanáct an tḡaoḡaíl fásáil 'na óiaíḡ 7 óul go Meiríocá—ran áit go bfuil an t-aiḡḡeao cóm faíḡrínḡ 7 níor luḡa tóir air, cloinim, ná tá ar énaíḡi áḡairice annro, cia an éaoi mbeaḡ a éḡoirḡe a' rḡlaḡaíḡeáct leir an láirḡe níor mó? Táirir rin réín, bí liam cḡuaḡóḡaḡ ó foín, aḡ ceannac culaíḡ éadaiḡ 7 óá fásáil óéanta aḡ Corḡmac, an cáilliáḡ.

MUIRÍS.—Aghur cḡeríom go bfuil sí air ar an aimpiríḡ reo.

ÉAMONN.—Tá sí, ar na laeḡeantaíḡ reo, aghur a' mbeaḡ rúil aḡac go raḡaḡ ḡarúr a bfuil culaíḡ bḡeaḡ ḡalánta éadaiḡ ar a bḡuim, mar tá ar liam, amac ar an bḡorḡaḡ aḡ caíraíḡeáct le cliaḡ móna, ná láirḡe a tóḡaíl 'na láim, ná obair faḡac ar bit eile o'o'n tḡóḡic a óéanaíḡ?

MUIRÍS.—Ní beaḡ, ní beaḡ, a-ḡeiríom.

ÉAMONN.—Ánoir, a mhuirí, tá ciall aḡ teáct tuit; ir féiríḡ leat a beit ciallmar go leórí nuair ir mian leat é.

MUIRÍS.—Ní beaḡ rúil aḡam go oḡiocráḡ ḡarúr mar liam, a mbeaḡ culaíḡ nuáḡ éadaiḡ air, amac ar an bḡorḡaḡ aḡ rḡraḡaílḡ le cliaḡ móna, ná láirḡe tóḡaint 'na láim nuair atá amaḡaín o' áḡair aḡḡe

leir an obair fálac a déanamh dó. Ní beaó fáil ar bít agam leir—agus ní beinn—a mheiriceá, a mheiriceá, mo feacht míle mallacht ort, agus ar loing na h-imirce.

MIALL [i leat-taob le eilir].—Muiré, ná faib an t-áb ortm mara bfuil Muirir Ó Dubda ro-éruaó ar fad ar an bfeair boct.

EILIS [[i leat-taob le miall].—Muiré, go maiciré Dia dó é.

ÉAMONN.—Ná habair é, ná habair é, a mhuirir uí Dubda.

MUIRÍS.—Mo mallacht ort, a mheiriceá, mo mallacht ar loing na h-imirce, 7 mo feacht mallacht ar aigean na pairinéaraict' a tásar ar.

ÉAMONN.—Ná habair é, a mhuirir. Go maiciré Dia duit é. Céaró do déanfaó ar scailíní 7 ar mbuacailí bocta maraó Meiriceá, a tásar ó ochar, 7 ó éruaótan 7 ó aníos iao 7 a túsar flaiteamlaict 7 sac uile fórt dá feabhar dóib éall?

MUIRÍS [tapéir éirge na fearaí].—Mo feacht míle mallacht ar Meiriceá, mar tá sí a' tabairt ríocht na bfeair 7 plúir na mban uainn, dá scabairt ó mhaorairdeacht, ó neimhíontacht agus ó simplirdeacht annro, go dtí an amplacht, an náire, an peacaó, an raosál mí-fuaimneac 7 an báir mí-éiriceirdeacht annró. Agus a éiré boict—go bfuiliré Dia na bflaitear ort, 7 go noeaircairé Sé anuas le n-a fáiliré éiriceirdeacht ar na daoimib atá 'sa do éirigeaí, agus go dtuairé Dia maiteamhar do na haíreirdeachaí 7 do na máíreirdeachaí atá réanaó na Saebilge ar a sclainn agus atá dá mbhoruagáó cun riubail uata.

ÉAMONN [a gút a' creataó le teann buairéirde].—Go maiciré Dia duit é, a mhuirir uí Dubda, go maiciré Dia duit a leiríre rin de ruo a fáó. Nac

bhuil rinn a' déanamh do réir mar cheapar muid is fearr.

MUIRÍS.—Tá fíor agam go bhuil, tá fíor agam go bhuil tú déanamh do réir mar cheapar tú is fearr, áit céaró veir tú 'do taob féin, a éamoinn? Fuair Eiblin báp cúis bliathna déas ó foim, an luagnara reo caitte. (Má tá rúil ag ceactar againne Dia 7 na flaitir feiceál go brátaí tá Eiblin, do céile éam, ag breacnuagá ar éadan an donmhe anocht.) O'fás rí dá páirce go lag lúbac fá do éiríam, agus ó'n lá rin go dtí an lá reo tá tú ag treabhad 7 ag fuppad dóib, lá rluac 7 lá tirim, Dé Doimnaig 7 Dé luam, agus is maí a faotruig tú iao ó foim. O'fás rí tú mar tá tú inoiu, 'do fean-fean crompta, craisligte, liac roim t'aimpí. Agus nuair a bí an cailín beas 'na bean ós, 7 an buacail beas in' fear ós, nuair baó ceart dóib a beir mar compóirt 7 mar fólár agat agus i n-ann ruaimnear a éadairt uir i noeiréad do flogail rgaol tú uir uina anonn go Meiricá, bliathain ó foim, agus gan faice ná fúghe do mhíriam do éirí oir, 7 anoir tá tú ag fágail mar iocairéad ó uina, liam a meallad uir anonn. Agus cia an éaoi mbeir tú, 7 céaró a deapfar tú? 7 do neart cailte, do fláinte cailte agat—'reab 7 fuo nior meara ná rin ar fao, do éiríde bhirte, bhuighe millte com maí céaró? Cia an éaoi beir oir éor ar bit, nó céaró a deapfar tú, ag fuppad 7 ag éamail leir an rpad agat ag suairneail abailé ó'n bpoirac faoi do éiríde móna fad uile oirde, go dtí do doán uairnead, do éallad suama, fearbair in do maectnam, agus tú ag ornaigil 7 ag cneadad.

Ní ceapann tú go bhuil reo tuillte agat áit fágair é rin roir tú féin agus Dia. Áit tuill é nó ná tuill, tá tú uir caol uiréad i mbealad do bapsta, caol uiréad éun do laeteanra a éairéam i n-uairnear agus i gcoruócan.

EILÍS [leat-taob le Miall].—A! nac é Muirín an fear cruab-chordeac, an duine san chorde san truaig.

MIALL [leat-taob le Eilir].—Go mairtú Dia dó é.

[Éamonn, tarbáint go pollpac go bfuil a chorde dá réabad, aet le iapaet móir cuipeann ré corz air; gan an oipeao ip ppeasrao éadairt uaró cuipeann ré a dá guala irceac i n-eitir an éleib, agus véanann ré iapaet an cliaó a éur ar a óruim. Tá Muirín ó Dubha ioir dá comairle. Dáó mairt leir, ar bealaé, lámh conganca éadairt oo'n tpean-fear, aet ip mairt leir cuma na feirge coinneál air féin 7 cuipeann ré corz ar don congnao éadairt dó leir an gcliaó áruisao. Imtígeann Miall 7 Eilir éun lámh éadairt dó, duine aca ar gac taob, áruisgeann riao an cliaó air. Annpain gan an oipeao ip pocál a ráó imtígeann leir amaé an uonar as tarrhangt na scór ar éisín na óiaró. Éirígeann gac duine ircíg 7 veaircann riao 'na óiaró gan rmió arca.]

BRAC ANUAS.

AN DARA RAÓDARC.

i gceitceanac néill uí mhíodáin. níl ircíg aet eilir. Cógann pí corpcán leir le h-agaró an truirpéir ve'n teallac, agus veairuigeann pí an teine. Tagann Miall irceac, agus go olát 'na óiaró tagann Muirín ó Dubha.

MIALL.—Ar éur tú na páiróí a éolao, Eilir?

EILÍS.—Cuipear. Cé do mear ar an mbó rgeatoc, a Muirín?

MUIRÍS.—Níl taob ar an mbuin, aet amáin go bfuair pí beagán fuait. Tadair veoc breag ée mhócin ói, pul raéar tú éolao, agus ná éur amaé i mbáiréac í, agus beiró pí com mairt ip ói pí fuath.

EILÍS.—Mile buiréac ar le Dia. Ip mairt liom rin. Dáó móir an éall orainn dá ngeobao pí báp.

[Tarrpangann Muirín agus Miall a gcuid cataoiréacá ríor i n-aice na teine, agus aet-lapann Muirín a ríopa.]

MUIRÍS.—Nár mó ná rin an éall uirt dá ngeobao duine do na páiróib báp?

EILÍS.—Ír fíor úuit, aḡur go maiciré Dia úúinn é beir 'clamhrán. Ar nódig 'dā mbreathnóc' muiro air, ran mbealach rin, ír beas an cruim baó ceart úúinn a cúir i mbáir don bó ámhain, ná i mbáir deic gcinn aca áct an oipeas, 'dā mbad ruo é go mbeoir aḡainn.

MUIRÍS.—Duine de vo cúro cloinne, 'reab, nó beirt de vo cúro cloinne—vo élan go léir—

EILÍS.—Ó! ar ron 'Dó! a Muiirí úi 'Dubra, aḡur ná habair níor mó.

MUIRÍS.—Ar nóir Éamonn.

MAILL.—Go bpoiré Dia ar Éamonn boct!

EILÍS.—Go bpoiré Dia air, maireab! aḡur ámén. Tá mé ceapab, a Muiirí, go nbeacáir cú ro-dian ar an duine boct.

MUIRÍS.—Umf! umf!

MAILL.—Éamonn, mo duine boct, 're beap uaigneac anoir leir féin.

EILÍS.—Uaigneac, ní uaigneac go 'tí é, beiré a éiríde bairte réabta.

MUIRÍS.—aḡur cia air a bfuil an milleán?

EILÍS.—Cieriom, ar nódig, gur ar liam atá an milleán, an mac rin aige san máit, san máoin.

MAILL.—'Seab go oipeac.

MUIRÍS.—ha, ha! Cuir an crratár ar zac capall áct ar an gcapall ceart. Má tá liam san máit san máoin, cé rinne mar rin é? Cé rinne peata de 7 a mill é 7 nac leigreab 'o'n gaoit féin réirreab air?

EILÍS.—Á! a Muiirí, rin mar 'ubairt Éamonn leat nil fíor aḡat goiré mar goilleap ré ar éiríde atár.

MUIRÍS.—Ínr an tír reo aḡainne cialluigeann

críoide achar go mion 7 go minic sur cruaid-crioidead é, agus oá mbeoíonn —

[Cloirtear uaine éigin as teacht cum an uohair 7 é carad an boirir ip úiré táinig ó lunnodain Sapanna. Tagann Liam irtead, agus é feadairgil, culait nuad ari, bhođa nuad, 7 cairín nuad, a láma 'na bóca, a cairín 7 rciúir uirri, rladha uairéadóra 'na deir. Na daoine adá as an teine iompuirgeann riad as féadaint ari. Siublann ré go oí ceairt-láir an uirláir. Cratann ré a ceann go veap rúbáilcead, agus veiréann :—]

Liam.—Go mbeannuigir Dia ra tead reo.

niail 7 } Mairead go mba hamlaio uuit, a Liam,
eilis. } a tairge.

[Deapcann muirir ari, act ní ladhann ré rriro.]

Eilis [as éirge na reaphá 7 as leagann catáoir cuige].—Suir rior, a Liam, a ríor, agus céit tú réin as an teine. Tá mile fáilte roíat.

Liam [oul i noiaio a cuil go oí an bóro adá le tad n na fuinneóige, agus é roir deit 'na reaphá agus 'na furde ari].—Go raib maít asat, a Eilir, ní beio mé a' furde.

niail.—Ladhair ari an diaóal 7 tiocfaó ré; bíomair go oíreac as caint oit, a Liam.

Eilis [as deapcáó go bagairteac ari niail].—Sead, a Liam. Ari an gcuma adá tú páir ip gearri go oíoc-faio tú ó aithe oíainn, bail ó Dia oit.

Liam.—Go raib maít asat, go raib maít asat. Ir veap an ruo daoine deit as cur ruim i noúine agus a' suiré raó 7 raíamhar ari. Naó maít, a muirir? Cia an éaoi a bfuil tú, a muirir?

muiris [go mí-éadotac].—Táim maít go leor, míle buiréadair le Dia. B'féoiri sur maít an ruo daoine deit as cur ruime i noúine, act ip gearri 'na rin é má tuilleann uaine é.

Liam.—Sead, 'reao, go oíreac—rin é adá i
5ceirte adam.

EILÍS.—Á! a bhuine boíct, tuise nac fuigeanann le
anuar annro?

LIAM.—Go raib maít agat, a Eilir, ní fuirífeadh.
Bí mé ar mo cóirceim 7 ní deapna mé áct bualaí
irtead féadaint cé mar bí an bó, mar éualaí mé go
bhuil rí go dona. Mar bí mé ag ráí ní raib mé áct
ar mo cóirceim dul anonn go uci-tig mícilín páirín
briain. Ueró ríóirí mór ann anocht, mar tá fíor
agat tá ríuín ingean mícilín le n-imteadct go
Meiriocá ar maidín—go ngnótuig Dia dóib.

EILÍS.—Maíreáí, go ngnótuig Dia do na créatúir.
Níl an bó comh dona, a Liam, ir deapamair, go raib
maít agat. Táinig Muirí Ó Dubda i leir le na
feiceáil, agus veir pé gur fuadct a fuair rí, agus
nuair geobair rí cápla veac breas te go mbeir rí ar
feabair i mbáiread.

LIAM.—Ir maít liom rín.

MUIRÍS.—Ó éradct tá ar Meiriocá ir gur éradctair,
a Liam uí bheirinn, cloimim go bhuil tá féin le
n-imteadct anonn uainn.

LIAM [go marbánta].—Ó, táim; tá mé cuimniúgáí
ar feapra tabairt amac ann, taca na fíorlas.

MUIRÍS.—Sead go víreac. Tá tú ag tabairt
t'atair amac leat, ar nódig?

LIAM.—M'atair! Cía an tabairte ná mí-áí
bead orim tabairt m'atair liom go Meiriocá? Fíoré
an maít deapad pé i Meiriocá?

MUIRÍS.—Sead, maírte. Creirim nac mbead
don maít leir an rean-feap boíct. Nuair éagar an
doir orainn mar rín, agus an laigeadct, níl don gúcta
óinn i n-áit ar bí.

LIAM.—Go víreac, rín é bealac an traogail, a
muirí.

MUIRÍS.—Sé: bealac an traogail é. Agus céapí
—céapí tá ag t'atair le véanam?

LIAM.—Ó, tá ré—tá ré—tá ré—ar níos le
rithacáó leir an raogáil ran mbaile, comh maic 'rir
réitir leir é.

μουρίσις.—Ὁ, 'ρεῦθ' ὅς τοι βίησιν, τὰ πέπλεκτα δὲ
 αὖτε ῥυτὰσθ' ἑὶν ἀν' ῥαοῦσαι.

LIAM.—MAR DEIR CÚ DÁ M'ÁDAIR CLEACÁD AR
DEIR ROPACD AGUR AG TÍARÉAIL LEIR AN PAOGAL, AGUR
ÉIRGEÓCÁD LEIR, AR CUMA EICINT.

muirís.—Ó! tá, go veimhin, tá, go veimhin. Agus níl duine ar bít againn, má téirdeann pé cúise rin, comh sean ná comh la, ná comh huaisneac, ód' ónact ód' nveacáir an raogal i n-ar gcoinne, ná ód' cnuaróe tá otiocfáir pé linn, nac mbeir i n-ann a bealac fágal amac go oti an uais agur ríneac riar innti, an cuma eicint.

11AM.—Μαίρεα, α μίσις ή ούτος, ας ήρ κά
ατά κάιντ άρ υαίτεανναί?

MUIRÍS.—Oc! ní faib don tuine aet mife. Aet, a Liam, an mbeaó ré caoúireac agam fiafpuig óiot cia an fáa a bfuil tú péin o'ar b'fáail? Tá rinne, do cúro comharranna as féacaint opt ó bí tú 'do páirre (asur tá tú t'fear anoir), as léimneac na gclaoúeaca asur as feacac anonn 7 anall le píce bliadóin, asur beiró cineál cúma orainn nuair nac b'feiciró rinn níor mó tú. Cao cúige a bfuil tú as iméacac uainn?

ἸΔΜ.—Ἄρα ἡμῶν, εἰς τὸ ἐλθεῖν καὶ εἰς τὸ ποῖν;

muris.—Céapto é rin a-veir tú.

11AM.—Օրինս նա՛ն Ծրանքա՛ծ քար ար ԲԻ՛ւ քա շիր
քօ—քօ րոն քար ար ԲԻ՛ւ և մո՛խիս քար և Շա՛ծարտ ար:
Ես՛ Ընից Ծրանքա՛ծ քօ քա օրար 7 քա Շրսա՛ծտան ոսար
Ե՛վ շիր մար միւրիօ՛ւս ան.

muirís.—Sin é anoir go díreach é; agus ceap mair
i gcomnuirde gur oibrigh t'atair, 'Dia 'gá cámhóid, go
cruaó ar feadh a faogail, cun do bótáin le n-ite 7 le

n-ól a tábairt duit 7 le éadóac éur ar do éroiceann ;
 agus, a Liam, má'r fá ocrair 7 fá éruadótan a thair tú,
 is ní-thair éadóar duit, agus níl doctóir a o'feicfead
 tú nac molaó pé duit coinneál ort ar an gcuma
 céadoná.

LIAM.—'Sead, ní baileac supab é rin baó mian
 liom a iáó, aót pé an ruo baó mian—baó mian—cá
 fíor agat céaró is mian liom a iáó.

MUIRÍS.—Muire, anoir, a Liam, ar fáirtóir na
 bpeige, níl mé cinnte go bfuil fíor.

LIAM.—Mairead nac bfuil fíor ag sac uile
 duine nac tír ar bit i reo. Ar nódís ní fáca tú don
 duine suam a o'imtís airé, agus táinig ar n-air
 airé, náir dúbairt pé é rin ?

MUIRÍS.—Cneirim go scaitfead pé beir amháir,
 aót reo ruo nac baileac go dtuigim mar rin, cia an
 fáé a dtasann na daoine rin ar n-air go dtí "tír
 nar bfuil tír a tábairt uiréi."

LIAM.—Cá fáé agus aóbar a nótáin aca a teacé.
 ní beinn comh dall-intinneac leat ar éuro thair, a
 mhuiré.

MUIRÍS.—Ná tábair don mhilleán dom, a Liam uí
 bneirlinn ar ruo nac bfuil neart agam air. Rugad
 mar rin mé, cá fíor agat, aót mar bíomar a iáó a
 Liam —.

LIAM.—Mar bí mé a iáó, ní fanfad don fear, dá
 mbaó fear é, fan tír reo—rin é bun agus bair an
 rseil.

MUIRÍS.—Anoir, a Liam, rin é niall ó miodóin,
 a o'fan fá tír, agus bí lá de'n cpaogal nuair nar
 thair liom a beir i mbrogaib an fíor a déarfad sup
 fear meacá bí ann. Agus mé féin, freirín, cuir i
 gcár, o'fan mé ann, agus bí mé lá de mo faogal
 agus bí muinigín thair go leor agam aram féin.

LIAM.—Ní le t'roóc-mear oirra, aót veirim naó
raib niall Ó Míorbáin ná tá féin nár breapaid
nuair nar árouis rib búr gcuro reóla aóur an
raoóal móir éur amac rothaib.

MUIRÍS.—Aóur rin é t'áair, mar an gcéona,
aóur riúo ir go raib ré 'na buacail breag leigte,
rōolabánta mar tura [aó veapao go ginn ar Liam
ó na ceann go oí na cora] ní ceapann mío gur
móir an p'ré o'feap anoir é, aóur riúo ir go b'uil a
b'uim a ngar dá beir b'urte fá ualaig móra, aóur a
c'roide—'reao, go veimur, níl a c'roide com láioir ir
bí ré—aót mar rin féin, veirim go braca mé t'áair,
Dia dá cumtad, aóur connaic mé niall Ó Míorbáin,
f'feirin, nuair bí ré in' feap, aóur in' feap feapamail,
aóur, a Liam, bí an oipeao t'riollaóair ann, go
gcéapao ré go mbeao ré in' feap, beag naó com
breag, aóur com calma leat féin lá ar bit 'ran
mbiaóain. Bí t'áair in' feap aóur o'fan ré i
néirinn.

LIAM.—Ó, m'áair—m'áair boót—bí ré, ó,
b'féioir gur iomóa ruo baó óionnecioair le n-a
comneál ann.

MUIRÍS.—'Seao, go o'neao, b'féioir gur iomóa—
c'peioim go scait'p'ó rinn leit-róal an f'ir boót a
óabail.

LIAM.—Ar noóig ní féioir le uine oibruóao ra
t'ir peo. Ar noóig níl t'aoa aó uine le óeanaí
inní. Ar noóig níl obair ar bit le páóail; ruo ar
bit an féioir leat oo láma leagan air. Níl aon
feap, ré rin feap ar bit an riú feap a óabair air,
a o'fanpao annro ar nóir óiolla na leigse, nuair
atá obair a' fanact leir ran Oileán úr—na mílte
cineál oibre.

MUIRÍS.—Ó, c'im anoir. Ó, níl aon thait dá
féanaó, tá an ceap annrain aóat, a Liam; mar veir

tá níl fear ar bít ar ríd fear a tadhairt air a éairfead a faogal ar nór giolla na leirge i ucír ar bít. Agus a bfuil fíor agat, a Liam, tá ácar ar mo éiríde sup fearamhlact de'n tóirt rín cuirfead fá nteara duit greadao leat.

LÍAM.—Go raib maic agat, a mhuir, ar noós is ir ead.

MUIRÍS.—Cuirfeann pé gáirveadar éiríde oim rín a éirífead. Cía an róirt obair a bfuil rún agat tógaint roir láma, a Liam?

LÍAM [go bhródamail].—Obair énearta ar bít a cuirfead Dia in mo beala.

MUIRÍS.—Maic a' buacail, a Liam, mo goimn tá! Tá rín ráirde go maic agat. Tá bhró agam arat. Cía an obair atá roir láma agat ar an aimirí reo, a Liam?

LÍAM.—An aimirí reo! Ó, nílím, níl mé téanam tado—tá mé ríocail le haíaró mheiríocá ar an aimirí reo.

MUIRÍS.—Tá tá le n-imtead uainn an tpead-main reo éugainn mar rín?

LÍAM.—Tá mé le fanaad agaid go ucí tár na bliadna nua.

MUIRÍS.—Go ucí tár na bliadna nua! Go raib maic agat, a Liam. Má'r mar rín é, beiró tá cuirfead go leor nuair beir na naoi nó veic fead-mainí díomhaínead reo tarat agat.

LÍAM.—Beiró, Ó beiró; ádt cuirfead mé an aimirí tarim ar cuma éigin.

MUIRÍS.—Cruairó cuirfead go leor beir ríad ort, táim cinnte, agus tá mé cuimniugad sup cuir Dia ríoríca de'n ádt oimainn aradon, míle molaó go veo leir. Tá mé le torugad ar límead a cuir ra bpaire mhóir i mbáirnead agus tá fear ag taradail go géar uaim. Beiró obair agat-ra, agus cuirfead pé cápla

púnt in do póca roir anoir agus an t-am tá tú le reóláó.

LÍAM.—Ó, go raib maít agat, a Mhuirí, tá mé buíbeac díot, áit tá culaít nuab éadaiḡ oim na laete reo—reo i culaít mheiricá atá oim, agus ré an peacaó a taluḡat ná a milleat pul imteócar mé.

MUIRÍS.—Bao peacaó i taluḡat go veimín, agus ceapfaim go mba maít an fuo duit an culaít nuab a érocat ruar ar an bpionna go Noúlaḡ, agus cuir oit do curo rean balcairí arí, agus téirḡ ríor an mo curo-ra liméir i mbáireac. Cé do mear, a Liam?

LÍAM.—Maíre, ní baileac gur ríu dom toruḡat anoir, ó tápla gur tús mé ruar mo curo oibre, tá tamall ó foín ann. Ír amlaíó marí tá ré agam-ra, nuair éioctar mé ag obair anoir tá fám fanamhanc ran obair céatna. Ír amlaíó cuíreaf tamailín annro agus rḡatam beag annróo tall, mí-fuaimnear ar duine, agus é cur níor fuíoe ar ḡcúl ná marí bí ré ruam. Cuimnígeann tú, a Mhuirí, an rean-focail, “nác otagann caonac ar an ḡcloic reata.”

MUIRÍS.—Tá an ceart agat, a Liam. Tagaim leat, agus tá mé cinnte nác bfuil fuo ar bit marí obair fearca, agus ír maít liom gur cuimníḡ tú air rin. Tá mé a ngéar cáll ar earbat buacalla fearca; bíonn duine inoiu agam, agus duine eile i mbáireac agus, ar do nóí réin, ní taitnígeann rin liom. Bí mé ag cuimníuḡat gur tḡatamail marí carat ar a céile rin. Agus cé do mear anoir, dá noanpat muiro ar n-intinn ruar—beir marí mḡḡiríoir agus ḡiolla. A Liam Uí Bheirlinn, má toruḡeann tú i mbáireac tabairpat mé obair fearca duit ón lá reo amac. Tá obair ag tearcáil go géar uait-re agus tá tupa ag tearcáil go géar uaim-re. Sin reanr agat anoir, agus beir tú ran mbaile i nḡirinn, agus leir an rean-fear boct ír atair duit, ag raotruḡat airḡeat maít, marí ḡeallaim duit an pínḡinn ír áiríoe ar an

martha do tabairt duit. Anoir céaró atá agat le fáil?

MIALL.—Dár m'focal, a Liam, rin cairngine iongantach.

EILÍS.—Iongantach! Tá ríorota de'n áb ort, a Liam.

MIALL.—Nac ar t'adair boct béal an luctáir croidé nuair a cloirfead ré é.

EILÍS.—Luctáir croidé a-veir tú. Cuirfid ré an sean-fead boct i n-aoir na hóige arís, agus déanfaid ré fear díot féin, a Liam.

MUIRÍS.—Anoir, a cladaire, abair go bfuil ré na martha.

LIAM [baó follurach ar gnáir Liam go faid ré ráinnigte].—Och, níl mé com lag-brúead rin ir go mberd mé 'mo buachaill do máigiróir Saedéalach agus do comarra béal doirair freirín—agus fear nac bfuil níor feara ná mé féin, áct an oiread. Níl mé com h-úir-íreal rin ar fáil. Ní fáca don duine maí Liam Ó Dheirínn ag faotruad ré pingine i n-éirínn.

MUIRÍS.—Sin i corp na pírinne, a Liam.

LIAM.—Agus, le congnaí Dé, ní feicfid go bráda.

MUIRÍS.—Ná habair é rin, a Liam; tá feara ag an gcuid ir dona agáinn.

LIAM.—Céaró veir tú? A' gceapann tú nac bfuil mé neamh-rpleadach?

MUIRÍS.—Ó, go veirín, táir, a Liam. Ir fear neamh-rpleadach tú ar cuma ar bit, cérbí cé'n áoi eile bfuil tú?

LIAM [go páraíat].—Sead, creid mé go bfuilim. Rinne mé maíal i gcomnuide fearaí ar mo bonnaid féin.

MUIRÍS [dearcad ar bhrógaib nuad Liam].—Tá an ceart agat, a Liam, agus cuirfeann sin a gcúinne dom (tá rúil agam go nglacat tú mo leit-réad), sin péire breag brós atá fá donnacais do cor, ar an móiméad seo. Cé méad a t'íoc tú orrab—nó bató ceart dom a fáot cé méad a t'íoc t-atair orrab.

LIAM.—Péire áluinn ir ead iad. Cus ré leat-fobair dom le iad a ceannac, áct níor corainn ríad áct naoi ríilleada,—agus a bfuil fíor agat, a Muiirís, ir mar geall air go bfuil mé neamh-rpleadóac nac otiocfainn ag obair ag uaine de do fórt-ra, nac bfuil ploc níor fearr ná mé féin.

MUIRÍS.—Sead, go víneac, a Liam; 'reab, go víneac—go mairiú tú agus go scaitir tú na bhróga sin, a Liam—ir dear an péire iad. Tá mé ceapad nac é Dubaltac Ó Gallcobair a pinne duit iad.

LIAM.—Dubaltac Ó Gallcobair! Mairead go veimin, ní hé. Ceannuis mé i nGailim iad—bhróga ríopa ir ead iad. Anoir dá bató ríad é go mbead obair ran tír seo, a mb'fíú a tógaint, agus obair ann a mb' féoir le uaine oibruíad fá máigiríor galánta meapmáil, agus beir neamh-rpleadóac dá báir, b'féoir annrain go bfanfainn ra tír.

MUIRÍS.—Sead, a' nveir tú sin liom, a Liam? Bhróga breag galánta san aithfeap.

LIAM.—Sead, tá ríad 'na mbrógaib maite—áct, a mic ó, má tá a leitéiríe sin do pórt ag imteact, ceap a tuitfeap amac? A gcuirfead éireannac i mbealac éireannis eile é? Á, ir fáda uair é.

MUIRÍS [ag dearcad go ginn ar bhrógaib Liam].—Ir fáda, mairead, mar veir tú. Caitir mé a fáot gur an-dear an péire brós iad, ríad ir go noéarnad i néirinn iad.

LIAM.—I néirinn a veir tú? Níor leagad ceap Jaevéalac ariam orra—áct mar bí mé fáot, tá ríad

go léir 'nar nÉireannais maite, agus 'nar tCristi-
ghrúdaighceoir, nó go mbeir oíainn obair a tabairt
uainn—nó go mbeir muid leigean airgid amach.

MUIRÍS.—Iy mar rin é, a Liam, iy mar rin é go
tíreac, go bfuil Dá oíainn. Cár déanad na
bróga rin, a Liam?

LIAM.—Sin bróga ceannuis mé tí Solam Levy—
na bróga iy fearr i Leeds (as árougar a cor cun go
bfeicfidh an bonn]. Tá a comharca gnóta le feiceál
annrain fós agat. Ní cuir de na sean clabtaí
déantar fa mbaile iad seo, cor ar bit. Mar bí mé
a' ráb, támuir 'nar bfeairt maite, nó go mbeir
airgead agaim le leagan amach, nó obair agaim le
tabairt uainn, agus nuair déar, 'ré an t-Albanac, nó
an Sapanac, an Cúrac nó an Sídveac, uaine ar bit
acé an tÉireannac, a geobair i.

MUIRÍS.—An Cúrac, an Sídveac, uaine ar bit
acé an tÉireannac. Tá an ceart agat, a Liam.
Tá buatairí Solomon Levy ar Leeds na mbuatairí
breaga san breis. Cía an riopa ran mbaile móir ar
ceannuis tú ann iad?

LIAM.—San "London House," ar taob na láimhe
clí de'n Céarnóg, ar a taob anuas uuit. 'Sé mo
comhairle do uaine ar bit bfuil péire maite bróg
uair a uuit ann. Mar bí mé as ráb, tugtar an
obair agus an t-airgead do'n tSapanac agus do'n
Albanac, do mac na mallactan féin—fear ar bit,
acé uaine agaim féin.

MUIRÍS [éirígeann Muirís 'na fuirde, imtígeann
ré anonn as láimheáil culaí Liam].—Iy fíor uuit, a
Liam, iy fíor uuit; tabairt tú an fírinne glan. Sin
culaí breag—go maíur tú iy go scaitir tú i. Cía
bfuair tú an culaí, a Liam?

LIAM.—Ar ndóig, tá an ceart agam. Agus an
iongnad ar bit mar rin go ticiocfaimn-re agus

‘daoine eile mar me amac imearḡ na rḡrainrḡaraí aḡ
roláḡar oibḡe naḡ nḡeobaḡ rḡnn ran mbaile. Ní
cuirḡrḡ ár muinntir féin i mbealaḡ na hoibḡe rḡnn—
rḡn é an t-éaḡaḡ íḡ fearḡ aḡá ‘éanta i Sapaḡa.
‘Ceannuig mé ra “Leeds Warehouse” é, aḡ ceann
Spáirḡe an ‘Droicḡrḡ.

MUIRÍS.—Tá mé ar don intinn leat, a Liam. Tá
an rḡrainrḡara níor cineálta ḡ níor fearḡ linn ná ár
n‘daoine féin: íḡ ‘úinn íḡ mo náirḡe. Naḡ an-‘ear an
caipín i rḡn [‘ḡá baínt ‘e cun i feiceál].

LIAM.—Íḡ ‘ona ar faḡ ‘ear an rḡéal nó beirḡ
rḡaḡ níor fearḡ ‘om ná mo ‘daoine féin.

MUIRÍS [aḡ lḡrḡuḡaḡ ḡo rḡirḡ mall ó ‘aob íḡrḡḡ
an caipín].—T-H-E R-O-Y-A-L B-A-L-M-O-R-A-L. The
Royal Balmoral. Mac—Mac—Mac Gregor & Co.,
Aberdeen. Caipín bḡeaḡ, caipín bḡeaḡ. Sé an rḡo
íḡ luḡa íḡ cóir ‘o’n rḡrainrḡara beir níor fearḡ
‘uit, a Liam, ná ‘o ‘uine féin.

LIAM.—Sé a-‘eir tú! Maireaḡ, níl fíor aḡam
an é an rḡo íḡ luḡa íḡ cóir ‘ó é, aḡt tá mé aḡ cuirḡ-
niḡaḡaḡ ḡur—

MUIRÍS [ḡo ‘ána].—Níl don cáll ‘uit a beirḡ
cuirḡniḡaḡaḡ ar rḡo ar bir ‘na ‘aob.

LIAM.—Céarḡ rḡn aḡá i ḡceirḡ aḡat, a mḡuirḡ?

MUIRÍS.—Tá i ḡceirḡ aḡam ḡo ‘íreáḡ an rḡo
a ‘ubairḡ mé, muna mbeaḡ an rḡrainrḡara ḡo maíḡ
‘o’n té aḡá ḡo maíḡ ‘ó, baḡ leir náirḡe beir aḡ.

LIAM [ní tuigeanḡ ré fáḡ feirḡe mḡuirḡ].—Tuigḡ?

MUIRÍS.—Cao cuigḡ a-‘eir tú? aḡur tḡra aḡ
leagann amac an rḡinginn ‘eireannaḡ in ‘o rḡca—
ḡlacaim párrḡn aḡat, an rḡinginn ‘eireannaḡ aḡá aḡ
t‘aḡair—le conḡnam ‘aḡairḡ ‘o’n rḡrainrḡara, cao
cuigḡ naḡ nḡeanaḡaḡ an rḡrainrḡara roilear ‘uit?

LIAM.—‘ḡruil tú tarrḡaingḡ—

MUIRÍS.—Tá mé ag tarraingt astat-ra; nuair bí aistead le caiteamh astat, bað pcoirín leat é tabairt o' Éireannac boct. Tug tú do'n Túrcac, do'n Shúideac 7 do'n Albanac, 7 do'n mae mallactan é, mar veir tú féin—gac róirt duine aet fear an baile, agus tar éir rin ir eile, nuair nac piteann na comhairanna cun breit i ngraim cáil oir agus tuar-aroal duineamhail do tabairt duit, cun an oiread rin onóra a ceapbaint doib, ir go bfanfa ra mbailé, ceapann tú nac bfuil riad 'na nÉireannaisib ná 'na oirp-gnádúigsteoirib.

LIAM.—Ara anoir, a Muirir Uí Dubhá—

MUIRÍS.—Agus ceapann tú go bfuil riad ar fad fá omór duit, agus nuair glanar tú deanac na tíre de do coraid, go mba dóir do'n tír go hionlán beir fá bhrón 7 fá bhríead croidé, go mba ceart doib punann tuige do ceannac, dul irteac ran éilíro agus bár fagáil mar gheall ar tú imteact.

LIAM.—Ara, anoir, a Muirir Uí Dubhá.

MUIRÍS.—Agus piteann tú gur toga Éireannais tú freirín; nac rilín. Nac portamhail agus nac rúnna an mairé duit é beir caint ar do comhairannaid mar “Éireannais” 7 “tír-gnádúigsteoirí!”

[Liam—tá ré deagán faictéac ar eagla go mbuailfead muirir oadhar ari. Leis ré ar an neamh-pleadócar, o' éirig ré na fearaí timcheall an t-urilár—dul timcheall 7 timcheall ar Muirir—coinneál fad láime amac uair—á láma féir le dul i n-áirde cun buille coraint dá utiocfao ré i ngran fíor.]

LIAM.—Ara, anoir, a Muirir Uí Dubhá.

MUIRÍS.—Tura adá maoidéam náir fálais tú tú féin ariamh ag raotnuagad ré pinginne cnearta i nÉirinn, agus nac noéanrair go lá rilín an éleite.

NIALL [leat-taob le eilir].—Ara, nac cruad-croidéac an fear é Muirir Ó Dubhá, amac ir amac.

EILÍS [leat-taob le Niall].—Go maicir Dia do é,

Δ-veimm-re—fá cup com cruaid ar an ngeirí boct.

LIAM.—Ara, anoir, ní hé rin a bí i gceir agam—.

MUIRÍS.—Tura atá com rpproedaimail fearmáil rin sup rcoirn leat oibruigad do duine ar bit bfuil coir na boicteanaect le tabairt 'na coinne.

LIAM.—Ara anoir, ara anoir, a múirir—.

MUIRÍS.—Tura, a fear i gcomnuirde in do bhrógaid féin—brogá ceannuis t'atair boct duit.

LIAM.—Anoir, a múirir.

MUIRÍS.—Tura atá com neamh-rpleadac 7 com fearmáil rin sup féoir leat an raogal a glacad go féir ag rparroedoiradect i mbrógaid Solomon Levi culait éadagis ó manchester agus cairín Royal Balmoral ó Aberdeen ort 7 an sean-fear boct ir atair duit a éiride bhirte, agus a dhuim bhirte ag tabairt móna ó'n bporad le do ruiréar a dhuir duit agus le do curo rpreangaró céitead ar a teact a baile duit.

LIAM.—Ara anoir a múirir.

MUIRÍS.—Tura, a fhamacáin, atá com neamh-rpleadac agus com gaedialac 7 com fearmáil, Δ-veimm, sup féoir leat beir leiciméadect agus ag fearadagil an ruir ir éiride do cuireadair cugad anall ó lannadain Sárana, agus gan coinriar ar bit ionnat leigean do'n cpean-fear boct ir atair duit, a d'oibruig 7 d'fopraig 7 cug gioruacan raogail do féir cun tá oileamaint i gcompóirte agus i ruaimnear—nil coinriar ar bit ionnat, Δ-veimm, leigean do a dhuim a bhiréad ag caruaingt móna, le go ruadailfear a anonn 7 anall 'do "duine-uapal," agus go mbeat na laeteanta veiréannača cáit tá leir com rógaruail leir na céad laeteanta, agus go utadarpá cúl oc cinn do agus d' éiride, gan buairéad, gan múiríom

act le cpoirde com héactrom le fuireoidis—rúto ir
 go bfuil fíor as an bfean boct go fíor-mait an lá
 fásfar tá i n-uaisnear é go mbuifíro an cpoirde
 ann, an méro ve atá fásfa—go mbuifíro a cpoirde
 amac ir amac [tagann brón i n-ait na feirge]. Go
 maitíro Dia dúit é, go n-éanairo pé éireannaic níor
 fearr díot, mac níor ceanaíla, a liam úi bheirínn.

[Iméigeann Muirí amac an doiar. Leigeann Liam a
 láimh anuas le na taob, cromaínn pé a ceann le náime asur
 óinfeamlaict.]

bRAC ANUAS.

AN TREAS RA'ÓARC.

i gceiteanaí níl úi míodáim. Eilís as ceiteáil leat-
 taob na teinead. pároin 7 máime 7 nuala 'na fuirde ar leic
 an teallais. Tá a gcuro leabha aca asur ias as véanaí
 gleó.

Eilís [bualao a cor ar an talaí].—Dígitó n-ur
 port, oíruisíro búr mbéalaíro asur tugaisíro aime
 o'ur leabha.

[Coimígeann na pároí oíra as gleó, véanann Eilís
 comáíra caíra, buaileann a cor ar an talaí arí, veaicann
 í timceall go beóda le fúil ir go leasao í a láim ar muo
 éisín le ias a bualao. Beimeann í ar íor tuisge tá taob
 íarí oí, ar an uiláí, asur áruisgeann í é or cionn pároín.]

Eilís.—pároín, I tell ye I'll break your back with
 this, if you don't stop that an' go on an' learn the
 childher their books.

pároín.—Arrah, mother, sure it's Nuala that's
 doin' it. She'll not let myself or máime read or do
 anything with the questions she does be putting
 about everything that never was.

Eilís.—An' don't you know the child has no
 other wit. Would you be evenin' your wits to the
 likes of her?

NUALA.—*fháime, roo é an pád é mar tá mé ag iarraidh ríor fágaíl.*

EILÍS.—*nuala, a leanó, it's a sin for childher to want to know; an' besides, no one could know more nor what's in the books. What's in the book is the greatest thing that ever was known, an' pároin, or his Masther even, or for that part Father Charles himself, couldn't tell you no more nor what's in the book.*

NUALA.—Well, I'll not ax any more questions.

EILÍS.—That's the good child, *nuala*. Now, *pároin*, now, go on.

PÁROIN.—Now, *máire*, go on with your lessons.

MÁIRE [*sing-song tone*].—"Jack has got a cart and can draw sand and elay in it. I got a lark's nest with five eggs"—

NUALA.—*pároin, pároin*—

PÁROIN.—Arrah, gowre that with ye.

NUALA.—Does Ned Shan's little Johnny know that nest? Bekase if he does he'll watch till the scaldies come out an' he'll massacrays them.

PÁROIN.—Mother, will ye spake to *nuala* again?

[*Árrouigeann Eilir an róp tuige dhír 7 coinneann sí or cionn cloigeann pároin é.*]

EILÍS.—*pároin*, I'll paralyse ye, an' didn't I say I would.

MÁIRE.—Mother, it's not *pároin*; it's all *nuala's* fault.

EILÍS.—Here's your father now; he'll soon make yous stand about.

[*Staoann na pároin go tobann ó'n ngleó, téirdeann rias n-éadan a gcuid leabhair. Toruigeann pároin ag léigeam fa mbealaí is gnátaí leir.*]

Ṗáirín.—"What a blessing it is to be born a happy little British child, as I have been."

[Tá miall tairéir teac̃t ir̃teac̃t iñr añ éir̃teanãc̃, tair̃maing-eann ré éir̃ge añ éataoir̃ i n-aice na teineac̃—lad̃hann i mbéarla.]

miall.—Good man you, Ṗáirín, good man you [rl̃iocann ré cloigeañn Ṗáirín].

Ṗáirín [as léir̃geam̃].—"And to grow up to be a man in the full knowledge that I am heir to the traditions of the glories of an empire—"

miall [baint a Ṗiopa ar a Ṗóca. Sl̃iocann ré cloigeañn Ṗáirín ar̃ir̃].—Good man you, Ṗáirín. [lad̃hann ré anñraim le eilir̃.] A eilir̃, tá an fear̃ ir̃ galantã coñnaic mé riam̃ as teac̃t añíor an enoc̃.

eilir̃.—Mair̃eac̃, a b̃ruil? f̃ámaire ac̃a ann, c̃neirim̃.

miall.—Tá ré com̃ uócaire céanãna sup̃ f̃ámaire ac̃a ann. B̃i mé ceap̃ac̃ sup̃ab eac̃. U'f̃eoir̃ sup̃ as uol amãc̃ go ũt̃i b̃ar̃r na C̃ruaice ac̃a ré, leir̃ an tír tar̃ tim̃ceall̃ f̃eiceál̃.

eilir̃.—Asup̃ ir̃ áluinn go ũeim̃in an r̃aṭaice a f̃eobar̃ ré ó b̃ar̃r na C̃ruaice ũige.

miall.—Ir̃ f̃íor uo Ṗor̃c. Sin é f̃éin an r̃aṭaice aoir̃inn áluinñ.

eilir̃.—Ar̃ éulaṭ ũ áon f̃ocal ó éamonn ó b̃neirl̃inn bõc̃t le tamall̃?

miall.—Coñnaic mé Séamur̃ ó h̃éir̃geartaig̃ ar̃ a uol tar̃c an teṭraim̃n uó asup̃ cliaṭ ar̃ a ṭruim̃ aige, uol éir̃ge an b̃por̃taṭ, asup̃ uob̃aite ré liom̃ go ñoub̃aite éamonn bõc̃t go ũtioc̃faṭ ré ir̃teac̃ ra b̃Poor House iñtiu.

eilir̃.—Go b̃f̃óir̃uṭ uia aip̃!

miall.—Asup̃ nac̃ f̃com̃neó' ũuine ar̃ bit̃ f̃an é a uol ann, asup̃ nac̃ m̃beir̃ ré ra m̃bealaṭ ar̃ m̃uif̃ur

Ó Dúboá níor fuithe, ná ar dúine ar bít eile ra bparáiríoe.

EILÍS.—Go b'róiribh Dia ar Éamonn boct má ré an Poorhouse an áit comnuiríoe atá le beit aige i nveiríeas a faogáil.

MAILL.—Go b'róiribh Dia air! Amén, a tígearna.

EILÍS.—Oc! maireas, connaic m'íre Éamonn, lá, nuair náir éuir an Poorhouse mórán imníoe air.

MAILL.—Go veimhin, connaicir, agus connaic rinne go léir an lá.

EILÍS.—Fear breas, plaictmar, agus fear céillíoe rtaivíeas.

MAILL.—Sin i an fírinne, agus fear fearamail, fheirim.

EILÍS.—Fear fearamail, go veimhin; áct ruil má b'íreas an c'íoríoe ra dúine boct as tógáil na b'áiríoe, baó eas é rin.

MAILL.—Óa tógáil agus óa n-oileamaint 'do'n r'raimíeas. Agus Muiríe Ó Dúboá—nác é Muiríe fear an c'íoríoe mhóir, an fear gráó-viaóamail. Nuair a éuiríe grá uile ruo i gcoinne Éamonn tug Muiríe asá na t'eac é i n-asáiríoe a t'olac, 7 tug ré biaó 7 veoc 7 éasac 'do ó foim. Agus cé c'íeríeas go n'íeasíeas Muiríe é rin? Agus veiríe r'íao go raibíe r'íat'íor ar Éamonn a b'íreasíeas a gráóil leir ar easla go mbuailíeas Muiríe é.

EILÍS.—C'íeríe mé r'íam go raibíe Muiríe c'íom colíeas le gráinneóis.

MAILL.—Áct réac, maríe rin réim, go raibíe gráó De dáiríeas r'an g'íoríoe aige.

EILÍS.—Ói, go veimhin,—cé guríe maíe éuiríe ré i b'íolac é. Agus c'íeríeas go b'íuile Liam, an r'íogíeas r'íat'íe ve r'íac rin aige, ra mb'ealac ar a gráóilíeas r'an *Oileán Uiríe*.

MALL.—O'féad Liam a láim le céad fórt oibre, agus ní raib ré i n-ann as ceann ar bit aca. Aéc a bfuil fíor asat an fuo eile atá i mbéal na n-daoiné?

EILÍS.—Níl fíor; céad é féin?

MALL.—Deirneann cuio de na daoinib, nuair a cuairid Muirí nác raib Liam as déanaí raice na ffigíve i Meiricá, agus com dona ir bí ré, nác raib ré ábalta ar fanaéc ann ná teacé ar; deir daoiné gur cuir Muirí an páirnéaraéc cuige i ngan fíor do fad uile duine, gan "read" ná "ní head," "cat dub" ná "cat bán" a ráb le duine ar bit agus ní hí an páirnéaraéc amáin, aéc cuir ré ód punt le n-a gléar amac go duineamail cun an airtir ábailé.

EILÍS.—O! O! O! O!

MALL.—Tá an fgeal as toul éar mairead, agus ní leigeann an firtíor do duine ar bit a carad leir, nó dá ndéanad fgead ré buille doirn de bairi a tuioblóve.

EILÍS.—O, deamán aithnear asam ort. Ir cor-amail é go díneac le fuo a ndéanad ré. Cé cuairid a leirve de fgeal ariam?

MALL.—Sin é asat anoir é. Sin i caint na páir-díve, rin an méro atá fíor asam-ra; agus ir ar éamonn boéc béar an brio má tégann Liam ábailé cuige.

EILÍS.—Ir air, mairead, agus go dtugad Dia ód go dtiocfaid ré. Aéc a bfuil fíor as Muirí go ndéanad éamonn a inntinn ruar toul cun an Poor-house?

MALL.—Mairead, go deimín, níl fíor. Márbóc ré éamonn boéc dá mbad fuo é go mbead fíor aise é. Deir ré nác n-aithneann ré greim a déil, agus leigeann ré air féin gur fíú éamonn a meadcan

oir, aς puasat na gcearc ó caitat na bpatat ran ngaratde.

EILÍS.—Triuc! triuc! triuc! [aς cur a teanga i n-aghaid a cairdear uachtaraig, agus aς déanam corann iongancair].

MIALL.—Deineann ré é mairead. Agus tugann ré dub-rlán fear ar bit rad nac riú. Ná hachuisgead don duine leir nac riú mura bfuil ponc air maide oirginn a cur aς éirge dá dhuim.

EILÍS.—Oc! ir é réin an fear airtead.

MIALL.—Dubairt Séamur ó héigeartaig liom gur tug Éamonn a mionna 7 a móide go rtafard ré é réin go oti an Poorhouse an lá beannuigte reo atá agaimn inoiu, mar ní luar le Éamonn boct ruo ar bit ná beir 'na bhró thuillinn timceall muineil comharpan ar bit.

EILÍS.—Triuc! triuc! triuc! Well, well, well! Aot ir gearr ó mhuir a tabairt ar air nuair a cloir-fear ré é.

MIALL.—Ó, tá mé ceapad gur mar reo atá an rgeal. Tá Éamonn boct out ar a céill leir an imnide 7 an trioblóid. Nuair a fhoicfeard ré an fad reo ní leigfir rinn níor fuide é. Duailfir ré irtead ar a dealac "le beannaot leat" a rad, mo duine boct.

EILÍS.—Go veimhin, ní leigfir muiro triois níor fuide ná reo é.

MIALL.—Agus ruo eile de, radu ir go —

[Duailtear buille tobann ar an voipar.]

MIALL.—Cia hé rin, Éirir?

EILÍS.—Nil fíor agam. Abair leo teact irtead.

[Éirgeann MIALL, ruiblann go oti an voipar, forgaileann é, agus veaicann ré voip an dá fúil ar an rguac de púncán (Yankee) óς, atá ná fearaí ran voipar, fá n-a éulaie breag. Féacann MIALL go hiongantac air ar fead móimint 7 veirgeann i mbéarla.]

MIALL.—You're welcome, stranger; won't you step in?

STRAINSÉARA [as teach irteac].—Stranger! ha! ha! ha! that's good. I ga-as, Mr. Meehan, you don't rec'llect me [as tabairt abós trearna an uirláir]. This is the old woman, I calc'late [cuireann ré amac a lám]. How-do-you-do, Mrs. Meehan? I hope you feel good.

[Craíonn Eilir a lám gan cuimniúgáó céaro tá sí a beanam, éirígeann sí na fearam, 7 veapcann sí go hion-gantac i gcláir-éarain an púncáin. Tapéir tamailín airtígeann sí é.]

EILÍS.—Lord sake! Surely it isn't William Breslin I have in it?

MIALL [reatac ruar ar an uirláir].—What! William Breslin?

LIAM [as miosaireact le Eilir].—I ga-as, ma'am, this is what's for him.

[Eilir, as bheir ar lám Liam ina óa lám, asur óa craíacó go lároir—beiréann miall ar an lám eile air ina óa lám 7 craíonn ré i mar an gcéarad.]

EILÍS.—Well, well, well! Glóire do Dá, ní faib páil ar bit agam leat, beas ná móir. Mairead, céao míle fáilte abailte noíat, a Liam, a tairce, asur ir orm-ra féin atá an t-ácar tú feiceál.

MIALL.—Céao míle fáilte abailte noíat, a Liam, asur ir orm-ra féin atá an lútgáir tú feiceál, asur do lám a craíacó airí. Well, well, well, what's this to do at all at all?

LIAM.—Oh, th-anks, th-anks awfully. This is *too* kind.

EILÍS.—A Liam uí Dheirlinn [féadann sí ó bun go bárr air], a Liam uí Dheirlin. Well, well, well! cé cherefead é? Dfuit fíor agat, a Liam, sur coramail le duine uapal dáirírib tú?

LIAM.—Ha! ha! ha!

NIALL.—'Na 'buine uasal, go 'bheac, mar veir tú, a'gur ceap m'ire gur 'buine uasal 'báiríu' bí ann. Ar n'óig, bí mé a cur ríor o'Éilir—.

EILÍS.—Bí, go veimhin; bí ré a'g innrint dom ful má táinig tú ir'ceac go raib 'buine uasal mór éigin a'g ceac aníor an cnoc, a'gur fíleamar gur pámaire é bí a' out go bárr na Cruaice B'ge.

LIAM.—Ha! ha! ha!

EILÍS.—Ará, a Liam, a Liam, ir' noíat atá an fáilte. Suir ríor annraim [cur fá n'ceara 'ó out ra cataoir].

LIAM.—Oh, th-anks, th-anks, this is *too* kind. You look good, old woman—and so do you, old man. You stand the times putty well.

NIALL ['na fearaí f'or le caob Liam a'g ceapacá a'ir, a' iongnac an 'uomáin a'ir].—William Breslin, well, well, well!!

EILÍS.—Cia an t-accar atá tú imtígte, a 'buine boicé?

LIAM.—Wa'll, I ga-as I have been considerable over a year out of the old dart. [a'g ionp'ó a'ir NIALL.] Putty slow place, NIALL. I wonder how you people manage to live along here.

NIALL ['na fearaí o' cionn Éamoinn f'or a' iongan-tar a 'b'aca tú raib a'ir, a'g ceapacá a'ir ó bonnacáib a 'cor go bárr a 'cinn].—William Breslin, well, well, well!!

LIAM.—I wish, ole man, you would look after my luggage for me. I left two young gentlemen fetchng it up the hillside for me from the road below—two—two—you know their names; it has escaped my recollection presently; they used to live at the hill-head before I left the country; they had a brother kept a dry-goods store, or a saloon, or some sort of *joint in Foxumna* beyond.

MIALL.—William Breslin! *Truc! truc! truc!*
Céaró é seo cor ar bit?

EILÍS.—Did you hear the gentleman speaking to you, Miall? Go out to the door and see would you see his luggage coming.

MIALL.—Ó, glacaim pároun agat. Yes, William, I'm just going. [Imtígeann Miall go veiríneac cuig an doras; ádt cartar uine éigin air, ag an doras, agus téiréann i n-oiar a cúil le teann iongantair.] Mairead, mairead, mairead, Éamonn, an tú féin atá ann?

[Tagann Éamonn bheirínn irtead, a máire mar táca aige.]

ÉAMONN [i ngut cheadac].—Bail ó 'Dia ra tead seo 7 ar a bfuil ann. Ir mé, ir mé féin atá ann, ní uine ar bit eile é. A héil, goiré mar tá tú féin 7 do chúram—go maít atá rúil agam.

[Siubliann Éamonn an t-uhlár go chaislíde, chóilíde. Éirígeann Liam na fearaí, agus é ag veiríneac go siúnn air. Tá Miall ag bheathuagad ar Liam, 7 ó Liam go dtí Éamonn, agus tá Eilís fheiritin a' veiríneac oíra, ag véanam iongnad céaró a veiríneac Éamonn agus Liam le na céile.]

ÉAMONN [ag leanamaint air].—Agus turá mar an gcéanna, Eilís. [Cuiríonn sé amad a láimh.] Cia an éadai a bfuil tú? agus go gcuiríod 'Dia an t-ad oir gac maroin san mbliadain. [Iompúigean sé a rúil ar Liam ar fead móimint, ádt ní baileac gur árouis sé i áro go leór le bheathuagad n' éadan. Uímluigean sé do Liam, ag rá.] Agus turá, a rírairéara, tá rúil agam go bfuil tú go maít.

[Annpain iompúigean sé tair le ríreacán fáigil, ríreann Eilís go tapa, beiríonn sí ar éadai di le taob an balla, cuimleann sí i le na n-aphúin agus leagann sí ríor cuige í. Siúreann Éamonn ríor 7 leigean sé oíra ar ar ríreac ó.]

ÉAMONN.—Óc, óc, óc! Sin airtear fada agus ir géar a siúleann sé oim. Tá sé riar le veic mí anoir ó ríubail mé an oíreac céana. [Ag iompóid a

cinn ar mall.] Tá ré míle a néill, má tá ré coir-céim?

MALL [ionghao an domáin air fóir].—Seadh! readh. Tá ré 'na míle láirí—á—níl; réaró buó mian liom a ráó nac bfuil ré áct leat-míle.

ÉAMONN.—Leat-míle! Ára tuga leat, tú féin agus 'oo leat-míle. Tá ré 'na míle má tá ré péarra.

EILÍS.—Óeamhan a bfuil ré fada ó beir 'na míle as fíir luada, láiríre, agus tá ré níor mó ná trí míle asat-ra.

ÉAMONN [as cromadh a cinn anonn cuice].—Deir tú an fíinne, Eilís. Deir tú an fíinne glan. Óc, nuair buairear an aoir agus na rgoilteada úine i n-éinfeacht, agus nuair tagar an boicteanaacht or a gcionn rin air, ir beas an airtear go deimhin nac mbeir 'na míle óó.

EILÍS,—Ir fíor duit Éamonn.

[Leis liam é féin ríor ra cátaoir i leaba céile, agus é as veapcaó ar 'ádaíir go gíinn.]

EILÍS.—Agus leir an fíinne a ráó, baó náóúirca an ruo duit teacht i leir cun muiro feiceál.

MALL [dul anonn].—Seadh 7 tá ré i n-am aise fpeirín cuimniusaó orainn.

ÉAMONN [as crataó a cinn].—Óc, óc, óc! Táinig mé anoir nuair nac raib neart asam air.

MALL [as leigint air beir feargac].—Céaró rin a veir tú, a úine?

ÉAMONN.—Ná ril gur mian liom tarcuirne ar bit cádaíre duit, a néill úi míoócaín, ná ve 'oo bean, Eilís. Siublaínn tamall fada cun ríó arson feiceál, óá mbeinn i n-ann. Tá náiríe orim a ráó nac le ríó feiceál a táinig mé anoir.

EILÍS.—Céaró rin a veir tú?

ÉAMONN [i n-aon torpar].—Deirim go bfuil mé ar mo bealaic do'n, do'n, do'n workhouse.

LÍAM [as éirge 'na fearaí go tobann].—Céaró rin? Céaró rin? Céaró rin aic i gceirt agat?

ÉAMONN [as árougao a éinn agus as deaicaó ruar ar Liam].—Glacaim pároun agat, a rerairera, aic bí mé ráó leir an brear cóir reo 7 an mnaoi geanaíail—mar, go veimín, tá tú i teac rial carcanac—go bfuil mé—deanaí—deanaí mo bealaic—do'n—do'n Workhouse.

[Craeáann gúc Éamonn ar a ráó reo bó.]

LÍAM [imtiageann go breib anonn 7 leagann ré a láir ar gualainn a aear].—Ar croiceann do éluar, ná céó.

MUIRÍS UA DUBDA [a' rit irceac an torpar].—Ó tá ré annró—

[A fáile leagta aige ar Éamonn, tá cohaíca na h-imníóe ar a gúir, labhann ré i ngúc áro, feargac, léimeann ré anonn 7 beimeann ré greim gualainne ar Éamonn, gan réacaint anonn ná anall, ná riúntar tógaint do úine ar bit eile, 7 baimeann ré craeao mearaíca gaird ar.]

MUIRÍS.—A Éamonn úi breirlinn, cao cuige ar imtiag tú ó'n—

LÍAM [go han-feargac, beimeann greim doic le leac-láir ar búna cóca Muiir, agus árouigeann ré an láir eile, a úorín únta, mar beao ré le n-a bualaó].—Óo dubrlán, a Muiir úi Dubda. Sgaol uait m'áair.

[Réacánn muiir irceac i gláir éadain ari go han-iongantaic agus uair-pan ar Éamonn. Nuair a éulaíó Éamonn an focal "áair," ionpuiageann ré éar go tobann ra éataoir, rgaíleann ré an maroe ar a láir, éirigeann ré 'na fearaí, leigeann ré uail ar le teann lúcháire 7 gáirceacair choirde 7 cuimeann ré a óa láir cimceall a mic.]

ÉAMONN.—Ó, a mic, a mic, a mic! mo maicín, Liam; an tú tá ann? An tú tá ann? Táirig tú

abáile cúis an fear-*fean* is ádair *duit* ar *deiread* tair. Ó, a *liam*, a *liam*, *glóir* do *Dia* *iníou*—ar *noós*, *bí* *fiar* *agam* *go* *uiciodá*.

[*leis* an *bhrat* *anuar* *annro* ar *fead* *tamail* *bis*.]

[*I* *agam* *liam* a *ghrim* ar *dúna* *mhuirí*—*iméigean* *anonn* *tamailín*, *í* *é* *féadaint* *i* *gceáir* *éigin* *eile*. *Tá* *gleo* *taob* *amuis* *do'n* *uoir*, *glaothann* *uine* *aca* *reo* *atá* *amuis* *or* *áir*.]

Tugair *lám* *conganta* *dúinn*, a *buaicailí*.

[*Iméigean* *niall* *ó* *míotcáin* *í* *mhuirí* *ó* *Dubha* *amad*, *com* *maid* *is* *maia* *mbead* *uata* *ac* *ghreann* *maí* *é*, *asur* *ní* *raoa* *go* *uicéagadair* *irtead* *is* *trunc* *móir* *tróm* *i* *ngheim* *eatorra*, *leagann* *riao* *ar* *an* *uirlár* *é*. *Irtead* *leir* *na* *páirí* *na* *gcor* *an-áiríoe*, *féadann* *riao* *ar* *an* *trunc* *éirí* *riar* *í* *éirí* *ruar*, *dá* *láimheáil* *asur* *as* *léigean* *an* *reólad*.]

[*Téiréann* *páirín* *riar* *ar* a *dá* *glúin* *go* *breicfead* *ré* *an* *reólad* *bí* *ar* *an* *gcluarín* a *bí* *ceangailte* *ar* *eitir* *an* *trunc*; *téiréann* *an* *deir* *eile* *ar* a *nglúinib* *le* *na* *taob* *í* *tagann* *i* *uair* *gclaigne* *le* *céile*.]

nuala.—What's on it, *páirín*?

páirín [*as* *uicéagad*].—W. B-R-E-S-L-A-N-D, E-s-q., Esk.

nuala.—What is Esk, *páirín*?

páirín.—It means a Corpolar, or a Major, or something like that in the Amerikay Army. William was in the Amerikay Army when he was over there.

muirís [*nuaí* a *clúineann* *ré* "*Esquire*" *dá* *léigean* *amad*, *deiréann* *ré* *fé* *n'* *fiacail*].—*Anoir*, *ní* *péirí*.

[*Féadann* *ré* *tar* *claigne* *na* *bpaíroe* *leir* *an* *reólad* a *léigean*; *deiréann* *i* *ngheim* *láimhe* *ar* *an* *trunc*, *cuiréann* *ar* a *corrí* *é* *go* *rgiobta*, *buiréann* *an* *clár* *í* *amad* *le* *cloca* *móira* *ar* *an* *uirlár*. *Leir* *na* *clocaib* *táinig* *amad*, *phuirín*, *bhoillac* *léine* *í* *dúna* *i* *bhrat* *ann*. *Tá* *agair* *gac* *uine* *ra* *tead* *ar* *na* *gioblaicib* *í* *deiréann* *riao* *ar* a *céile* *asur* *iontantar* *i* *ngnóir* *gac* *n-aon*. *Nuaí* a *connaic* *liam* *go* *maid* *mhuirí* *as* *cuir* *an* *trunc* *ar* a *corrí*, *leis* *ré* *uail* *ar*, *í* *u'féad* *ré* *le* *léim* *tabairt* *anonn*, *ac* *bí* *an* *u-adair* *í* *na* *caéoirheada* *ra* *mbealac* *air*. *Leas* *ré* *na* *caéoirheada* *í* *tuir*

ré na mullaí ar an iapaíocht eus ré óul anonn. 'D'éirí sí ré 'na fearaí agus írroic ré an tunc, tá ré ró mall, agus veaí-cann ré ar na clocaib, ar an mbhollaí, 7 ar an mbúna palac, 7 cineál náire beas air. Bheathuigeann ré go truaighméileac timcheall an tíge, 7 ar veiríeac tíar veaí-cann ré ar mhuirí; tá mhuirí as cur na rúile go géar éirí an bpuíncán.]

MUIRÍS [caréir camailín, labhann go tám, rtaíveaíac].—William Bresland, Esquire. Cím gur tú an buacail báire 7 an rtaígn céatona. Níl átruaí ar bit ort ó 'omtígn tú acé amáin go bfuil tú níor rine agus 'oo boicín níor cphóanta.

LIAM.—A! A! A! A! A mhuirí, ar noígn ír as magad bí mé.

[Píoc na páirí an bhollaí palac ve léine 7 an búna ruar, tá páirín óa cur air, 7 é máiráil anonn 7 anall ar an ároán, leigean fearaílaí mór air féin, a bhollaí caite amac, 7 é as átruaí fillí bhollaí na léine, ra geaoi go breicríó gac uaine; látaí é go maí. Tá an beir páirí eile óa leanaíaint agus as buacá a mbor. Tuigeann an t-átaí amavíeac an rgeíl ar veiríeac tíar. Ríteann ré 'na noiaí as ráó.]

NIALL.—Imtígnó líb ar rin, má tá an t-áó orraib.

MÁIRE.—Arrah, daddy, sure páirín is a Yankee now.

PÁIRÍN.—Sure I'm a Yankee, Father, just like William Breslin.

NIALL [taíairí fáda fúta].—Imtígnó líb ar rin a-veirín, agus leigíó 'uair geuio amavíeac.

[Rit an tuiú páirí, 7 iao a rgeirígníl gáire, riar ran reómra as an geiríeac. Caiteann liam ó breirínn rúil 'na noiaí ar óul riar noí; tá moga náireac na ghuir.]

LIAM.—Ara a Néill, leig oo na páiríob cía an voacá acá ríao a véanaí?

MUIRÍS.—A Néill, ná leig oo na páiríob. Tá an magad cógálaí 7 má leigean tú oo páirín óul ar átaí leir, veamán píoc níor fearr na William Bresland, Esquire, veaí ré i geann beagán laet-eanta.

LIAM.—*Ára anoir, a Mhuirí. Tá tú ro-éiruað ar fad oirm. [Riteann Nuala amac ar an reómha, an brollac palac 'na láim aici, riubhlann rí tré ceapc lár na n-odóine 7 pineann rí cuig Liam é.]*

NUALA.—William, here's your luggage.

[Tugann Nall fada eile pá Nuala 7 riar léi san reómha arií—*ásur ar a dúl éapc riar oi féacann eilí le leat-deanóar a tabairt oi. Cloirtear rgarit gáiríde ó dónar an treómha, atá leat-forgailte. Tógann Liam an "luggage" ina láim, féacann ré ari móimint, véanann reiréan féin gáirí, deapcann ré ar Mhuirí ó Dubda atá féacaint ari-ran so ghuama as cur na rúl irteac éirí Liam.]*

LIAM.—*A Mhuirí, a mhúirín, ná deapc comh ghuama rin oirm [as cur a lám cuig Mhuirí]. Tabair dom do lámh, a Mhuirí, 7 craiteaó muiro lámh 7 tabair maiteamhar dom. Rinne mé so tútaó ásur so clatáirí é. Connaic mé é rin so maic nuair bí mé i Meiriocá. Cím níor fearr ná rin é ó táimís mé ábailé. Ní hé an Liam Ó Dheirlinn céatóna deap ionam-ra ar reo amac.*

MUIRÍS [rtaóann móimint deas 7 annrain cuig-eann ré a lám amac leat-bealais; crapann ré irteac arií i ásur abpánn].—*An le Liam Ó Dheirlinn nó le William Bresland, Esquire, atá mé le lám a crataó.*

LIAM [as fearaí caol víneac 7 so fearamháil].—*Le Liam Ó Dheirlinn atá tú le lám a crataó, 7 i oí diabail leir an "Esquire."*

[Deiréann Mhuirí ar lámh ari, crataann ré í, deapcann ré ríor ar brógaib Liam—bróga bapí-fava Meiriocá. Tá gheim láime aise fóir ari.]

LIAM [as cuimilt a cor anonn 7 anall].—*Ára, anoir, a Mhuirí, ná véan é rin. [Annrain áruigéann ré a cora, ceann i n-óirí an cinn eile, ásur deapcann ré ar na brógaib é féin]. Tá na bróga reo le dúl i oí diabail comh maic leir an "Esquire" an dá luad ir faotapócar mé luac péirí níor fearr, comh túirge ir*

beap a luac ioceta ar air agam leat. Is é do cúro-re airisio a ceannuis 'c uile fndaite dá bpreiceann ríð oim.

MUIRÍS [go haiseac].—An m'rofe dúinn fiarpuige cia an obair a bfuil nún agat luac brós níor fearn a baint airí?

LÍAM [as rgailead uaird líam múirí, agus as tarbaint a dá líam féin].—Leir na lámhaib rin, le obair énearta ar bit ar féoir le éireannac dul i n-éadan. Cogair, a múirí, bfuil na pluasairí ran páirc móirí fós agat?

MUIRÍS.—Nil, mairead—acé [as deapad ruar ra dá fáil air] cneirim nac obair énearta i rin as éireannac neam-rpleadad.

LÍAM.—Meapann tú rin? Sin obair a luigear le mo éiríde. Tá fíor agam anoir cia an pórt tír i Meiríocá; agus tá fíor agam go maí cearo ad amac poime éireannac boct ar bit nacar ann. Sa mbaile bad ceart do sac duine fanamaint. [iom-puigeann líam anonn ar a áair 7 cuipann ré a líam go spáomair cineálta pá'n arcaill.] Áair, táinig mé abailé cugat le mo rpre fágal uair.

ÉAMONN.—A líam úi bpreilinn, an ar do céill adá tú? Dá mbead ré in mo cumar rpre tabairt uair, mar is ríú buacail com maí leat, is tú geobad i san iarpair san atcuinge.

LÍAM.—Well, áair, tá ré in do cumar rpre tabairt dom, rpre do réir mar is ríú mé, 7 rpre ní hé amáin a beacócar mé féin, acé curá com maí céadna, 7 coinneócar an beir agaim go com-póirceamail, rógamail. [Ciomad a ceann ríor níor goiré do ceann a áair, as ráó in n-aon torur 7 go tiocairac:] Tabair dom spáio.

brat.

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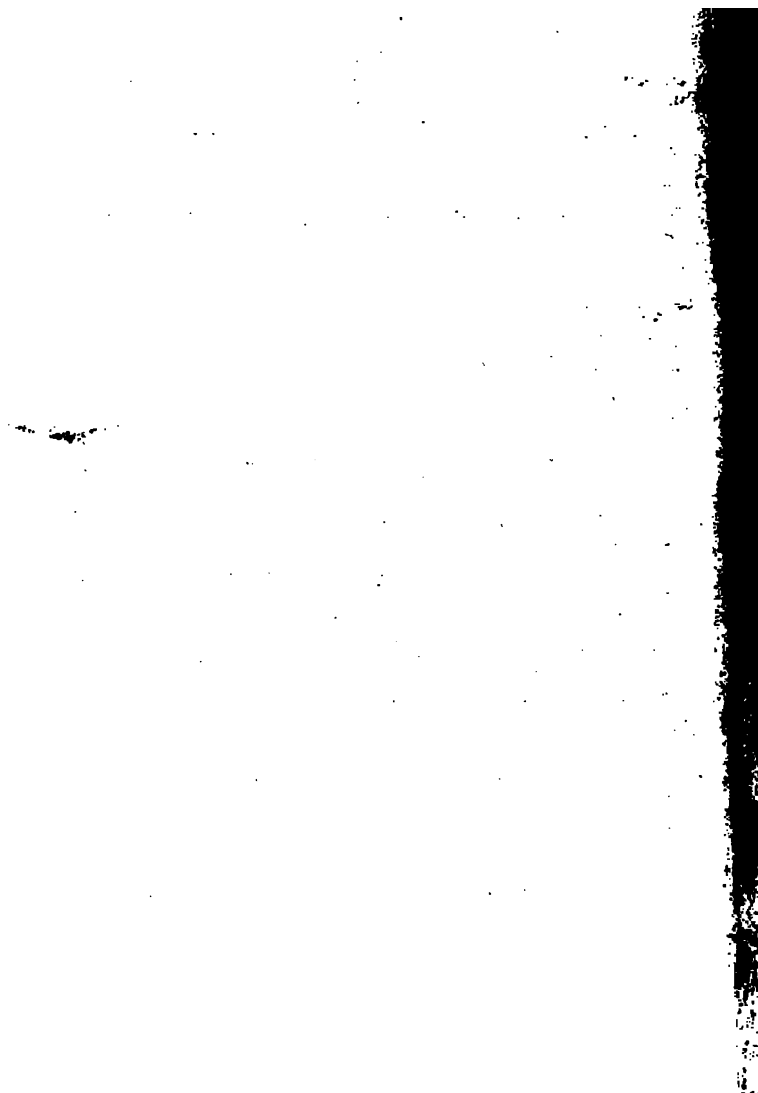
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